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San Francisco Frequently Compared With Naples as to Its Scenic Beauty

San Francisco is frequently compared with Naples by travelers who have an eye for scenic beauty. Situated on the delightful shores of the finest harbor in the world and rising gradually away from the water line in a graded succession of beautiful hills, the metropolis of the Pacific slope, as one approaches it on ship, offers a picturesque and varied panorama. This is especially true at night, when the electrical display from quays to far-away suburban villas nestling among the hills is magnificent.

San Francisco is a city of romance. Its name suggests quaint and compelling events, many of them historical. On the great sea which links the orient with the occident, this American city from year to year has been growing in commercial importance. Aside from its wealth and business prestige, San Francisco has a place in American history as the early settling place of venturesome friars, Francisco Palou and Benito Cambon, who left Monterey June 17, 1776, and arrived at the site of the present city ten days later.

Settled in 1776.

Seven civilians and seventeen dragoons and their families accompanied the friars, who, attracted by the fine harbor and natural facilities for a settlement, on October 8, 1776, established the Spanish Mission of San Francisco. Although founded one hundred and thirty years ago, this church still stands at the corner of Dolores and Sixteenth streets. The adobe walls are three feet thick and rest on low foundations of rough stone. The walls are intact, and the tabernacle, ancient as it is, still is used for religious worship. Adjoining it is the old Mission cemetery.

The next incident of importance in the development of the town was the arrival of an American in 1836. His name was Jacob P. Lease, who had obtained from Governor Chico a grant of land in what was then termed Yerba Buena. Lease built a small frame house on what is now a lot on the south side of Clay street, west of Dupont, and celebrated the completion of his home by running up the American flag, July 4, 1836. In 1840 there were four Americans, four Englishmen and six other Europeans in Yerba Buena. In January, 1847, out of respect for the old mission, the name of the settlement was changed to San Francisco.

Rush of Forty-niners.

It was two years later, or Feb. 28, 1849, that the first steamer of the Pacific Mail company reached the village, but within a few years San Francisco was destined to be the liveliest of all the far western towns. There occurred during this period one of those events which have furnished material for history and romance—the discovery of gold in California. With the rush of fortune-seekers to the slope in that and following years, San Francisco became a great outfitting point. All sorts of land craft fringed its environs, while in the mammoth harbor lay steam and sailing craft from all nations.

The wonderful stories of huge nuggets and untold secretions of gold made the march 'Friscoward tremendous. All the world contributed, and at one time there were anchored in the harbor as many as 400 ships deserted by their crews. Immediately after this sensational climax of the drama of the gold hunters, San Francisco passed through dark days. Crime became rampant, and law and order were bywords. In June, 1851, a vigilance committee was organized, and without delay hanged several murderers and banished others. The wave of lawlessness subsided only to rise again in 1856, when a second vigilance committee acted so drastically and effectively that the city's good name eventually was restored.

Just as the finding of precious metals put California on a lasting basis of prosperity, so did it enrich and establish firmly as a commercial center the city of San Francisco. Those who are most interested in the city's growth claim that even if a horde of gold hunters had not populated San Francisco and converted it in a day from a peaceful and pretty village into roaring, hysterical and crime-ridden mining camp, the municipality's natural facilities would certainly have brought it people and prosperity.

Apparently this belief is founded on fact. San Francisco bay, one of the city's chief claims of advantage over all coast rivals, is the largest and safest resting place for shipping in the world. Forty miles of bay lie south of the city and twenty-five extend northward, connecting there with San Pablo bay, which is about fifteen miles in diameter. The average width of San Francisco bay is eight miles, and the shore line, irregular of course, is about 300 miles in length. The two largest river in the state, the Sacramento and San Joaquin, flow into the bay. The Golden Gate, the widely referred-to entrance to the bay, is about three and one-half miles long by one mile in width and from 100 to 300 feet in depth.

Growth of Population.

San Francisco's strides forward are well illustrated by the growth of its population. Good authorities have made up the following table: August, 1847, 459; November, 1852, 36,154; July, 1860, 56,802; in 1870, 149,473; 1880, 233,959; 1890, 298,997, and in 1900, by the federal census, the population was 342,782. The city now boats of 375,000 people, which is believed to be pretty well within the mark.

There are today in San Francisco fifteen organized companies operating lines of steamers between the Golden Gate and every important foreign port—not including, however, the lines which operate to the British ports on the north. In 1894 the exports from San Francisco aggregated $22,147,050; in 1901, their total was $36,784,072, an increase of nearly 70 per cent in seven years. In 1904 the aggregate export trade from the Golden Gate in round numbers was valued at $55,000,000. The imports also are large, though exceeded largely by exports. In 1904 there were imported by sea goods valued at $45,803,900.

Big Crops Marketed.

That San Francisco is one of the world's chief marketing places is shown by the fact that California alone in 1904 had 75,000,000 pounds of dried raisins for sale. The same year the dried prune crop was 125,000,000 pounds; there were 62,000,000 bales of hops marketed, and the value of the gold produced was $19,109,600. Copper even forged ahead of gold with a total of $20,895,000, and the wheat crop was valued at $13,324,500. Dairy products were worth $20,375,000.

Oriental trade naturally has drawn directly from California, since San Francisco is so accessible. The transcontinental railroads, however, have yearly been contributing substantially to the city's wealth and have brought in cotton and cotton goods, shoes, metal ware, reaping and mowing machinery, and all the products of factory and steel mill from the east and laid them down on the strand of the western ocean.

As Producing Point.

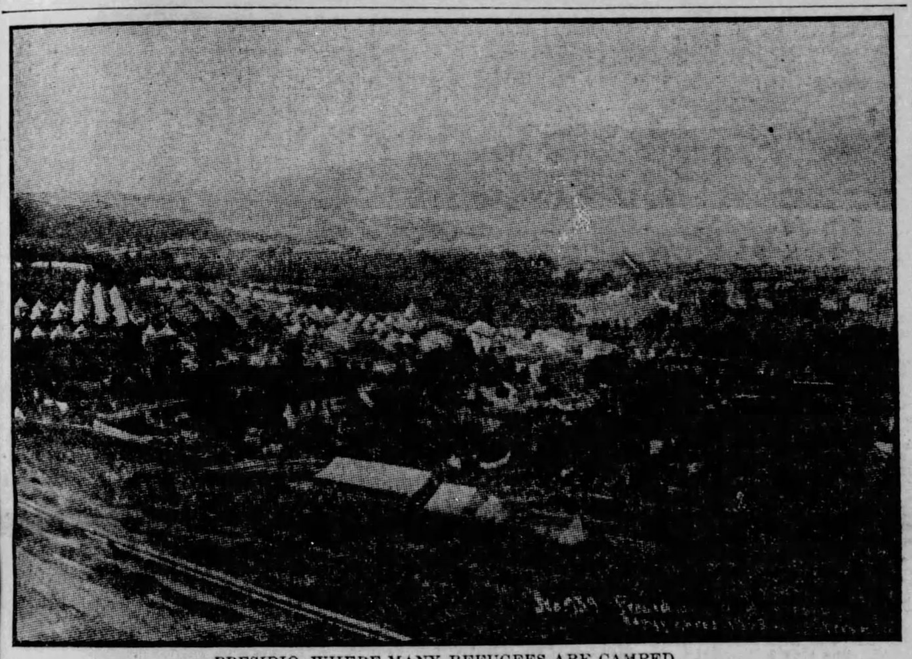
While San Francisco up to a few years ago needed manufacturing plants, recently many factories have been attracted thither, and gradually the city has been advancing as a producing point. Realty has advanced in value wonderfully during the last quarter of a century, and scores of old settlers who were clever and far-sighted have garnered immense wealth. Two years ago the real estate transferred was valued at $45,803,900.

The bank clearings indicate further the city's sterling growth. They doubled in seven years, and in 1904 had increased over the previous year by $14,000,000. The daily average then was $5,031,577. There were fifty-one banks, with $250,000,000 in deposits two years ago, and the figures today would differ slightly. There were eleven savings banks, whose deposits aggregated $16,000,000.

Solid Business Basis.

San Francisco from a business standpoint had to fight against the reaction following the diminishment of gold production. This the commercial interests easily did. They believed it well to dethrone gold and crown commerce. San Francisco responded to the labor done in her behalf, and capital, home and foreign, readily made investments, which meant the city's enrichment.

Climatically San Francisco is unique. The summers are extremely cool, and though there is a rainy season the winters generally are delightful. This has attracted to the city thousands of residents who wish to be in the land of sunshine and also near the great Pacific ocean. Atmospherically the city is pretty well favored, always excepting the fogs, which bother newcomers considerably.



PRESIDIO, WHERE MANY REFUGEES ARE CAMPED.

NEW CURE FOR UGLINESS

Make Faces at Yourself, by Yourself, for Yourself, Says Anthony Barker.

"Make faces if you want to improve your face!"

This piece of advice is seriously presented to all those ambitious persons who want to improve on nature's idea of what they should look like, says the New York Sun. It is the conclusion of Prof. Anthony Barker, who can and does make faces to beat the band.

"I admit," he says, "that it sounds both simple and silly to tell anybody that in order to become handsome he should make faces which are undeniably ugly, but it is neither simple nor silly. If you make the right kind of faces and do it regularly for ten or fifteen minutes, either in the morning or at night, you will find that it will work wonders in your appearance."

The skeptic didn't doubt this. When he looked at the professor making faces he was bound to admit that they worked wonders, all right enough, but he didn't feel himself stirred to emulation.

The facemaker went on to explain, though, that he'd look better after a while; better even than before he began pushing his face to such extremities.

"Whoever makes these faces," said he, "will be blessed with features which are full of vitality. He or she will have that constant power of attraction which is possessed by any one who is the picture of health.

"You can't learn to make these faces properly without practice. You mustn't think that any old face will do. No, not any more than squirming and wriggling the body any which way will take the place of scientific physical exercises.

"You practice for a while, and you will find that you are bringing into play facial muscles that haven't been doing a day's work for years. These muscles will thus be filled with a bountiful supply of fresh blood, making the skin clear and rosy, the flesh firm and rounded."

The professor has devised five faces, varying from a Gorgon-like, staring apparition of frozen horror to a twister the mere beholding of which gives the fascinated spectator a cramp in his own face.

Here is a sample of the directions for this method of embellishing one's beauty:

"Exercise II—Starting with the mouth shut, thrust out the lower jaw as far as possible and while holding it there draw the lower lip and adjacent muscles up toward the nose. Try to make the lip touch the tip of the nose. Bring all the muscles around the shut eyes as close together as you possibly can. Then try to open the eyes without succeeding. Do this until the muscles are tired.

"This stretching of the chin muscles takes away double chins and fills out hatchet ones. By concentrating numerous muscles around the eyes, it broadens noses that are too thin between the eyes and fills out sunken eye sockets and takes away puffs.

"It is better to do all the exercises gently at first. In this way possible rupture of small facial blood vessels will be made impossible. Making these faces also develops the neck and throat, filling them out when scrawny and hardening them so as to render them less liable to disease.

"The chewing muscles also will be made stronger so that thorough mastication will be materially aided; and that, in turn, will contribute to better digestion and assimilation of food. The exercises will correct excessive paleness as well as the other extreme of violent blushing."

The professor makes out a very strong case for his pet plan. Almost too strong, in fact. For when he says as he does that after using these exercises "sunken eyes, hollow cheeks and abnormally thin noses will disappear," one feels inclined to put up with the features one happens to have, rather than to have them "disappear" without perhaps leaving even a wrack behind.

Where Londoners Were Born.

Light is thrown upon the subject of ancestral Londoners in the latest volumes of the report of the London commission. From one of these we learn that of the 4,500,000 people in the administrative county of London only 3,000,000 were born in it. But that is probably a larger proportion than most people are aware of.

Change of Air.

"Rain," says the Scotsman, "has been in the ascendant in this district since quite an early hour." One is certainly a little tired of the commonplace expression, "isn't the rain coming down?" and The Scotsman does well to strike out a new line.—London Punch.

PERSIA A LAND OF MYSTICISM

Persia probably doesn't know that she's a sore problem to the foreign secretaries of nations, besides being the despair of all missionaries. Her shah—"king of kings"—ensconced in barbaric splendor in his vast rambling palace at Teheran, is, of course, a mere puppet juggled alternately by Russia and Great Britain, both of whose huge empires impinge upon that of the "shadow of God upon earth."

A land of other days, Persia's glory is departed, like that of the Medes and Parthians, the Babylonians and Assyrians. Her cities are crumbling to ruin; her laws are the whims of grand viziers; her court a mere hotbed of harem intrigue more strange than any found even in the glowing pages of "The Arabian Nights."—Four-Track News.

Gave Him His Time.

A Kentucky congressman tells an interesting tale of the execution of a noted desperado in that state some years ago, according to Lippincott's magazine. Just before the sheriff adjusted the noose he asked the usual question whether the man had anything to say.

"No, I think not," began the convicted one, when he was interrupted by a cheerful voice shouting:

"Say, Bill, if you ain't got anything special to say, would you mind giving me fifteen minutes of your time just to let these good people know that I am a candidate for their suffrages, and—"

"Hold on, there!" shouted the sheriff, "who's that?"

"John Blank," volunteered some one, naming a rising young politician, who has since represented his state for a number of years in the house of representatives at Washington.

"Who did he say it was?" whispered the condemned man to the sheriff.

"They say it's John Blank."

"I thought I recognized John's voice," the desperado calmly remarked. "Well, he can have my time, all of it, but go ahead and hang me first and let him talk afterward."

Presidential Probabilities.

"One cannot tell," said Justice Harlan, "where the lightning will strike."

He was discussing presidential probabilities, says the New York World's Washington correspondent.

"I remember hearing my father say after Franklin Pierce was nominated, 'John, after this nobody is safe.'"

APRIL AND WOMAN.

April weeps,
April smiles;
Woman threatens,
Then beguiles.

Rain or shine,
Who can find?
Who can tell
A woman's mind?

April's tears
Bring blooms of May;
Woman's weeping
Gets her way.

April's mild and
April's chill;
Warm and cold is
Woman's will.

April's full of
Quick surprise;
So's the light
In woman's eyes.

April's young, so
Fair in truth;
Woman's sweetest
For her youth.

Young men's fancy,
It is said,
Turns to loving
Month and maid.
—Baltimore American.

OKLAHOMANS AT HOME

"First Mondays" Are Trade Days Now in Altus Town.

A stranger in the town of Altus the first Monday of each month would be surprised at the large crowd of farmers in the streets engaged in trading and buying horses and other live stock, and marketing their farm products. They come from every direction in the country tributary to Altus, and all day long the streets are filled with the noise of trade. The day is known far and wide as "first Monday," which means simply that it is the first Monday of each month, a day set apart specially for traffic in live stock and such other things as the farmers may wish to buy or sell.

It is supposed that the custom was brought from Texas, where most citizens of Greer county once lived, and of which Greer county formerly was a part. In Texas the first Monday in each month is estray sale day at each county seat, and buyers, sellers and traders attend these sales in great numbers. Naturally, politicians, collectors and selling agents find it expedient to be present because of the greatly increased number of visitors from the country. At Mangum, the seat of Greer county, less attention is paid to first Monday than at Altus, where originally it was known as horse traders' day.

"The custom is developing at Mangum," said a citizen of that town, "but I think it will require years for it to reach the stage of development it has reached at Altus. The custom has drawn upon politics, business and the gregarious instinct in individuals. You can easily imagine the Texas 'horse swapper in deference to the Texas custom, in any convenient town on first Monday looking at the horses tied around the public square, and talking 'horse.' The groups of men and boys at the hitching racks grow larger and larger, drawn, not only by business, but by natural fondness for the excitement and banter of such gatherings.

When asked lately about the origin and observance of "first Monday" at Altus, Horace Shepherd, editor of the Altus Times, said:

"Two years ago the two newspaper men of the town undertook to increase the trade area of the town, and decided that certain days should be set apart for certain purposes. The citizens, more especially the business men, took up the idea, and several meetings were held, with the result that the first Monday in each month was traders' day. Every one living in Altus' trade territory was asked to bring to town anything they wished to dispose of, either by trading, selling, 'swapping' or any old way. The business men of the town furnished plenty of good auctioneers free of charge. The newspapers devoted a certain amount of space to booming 'Traders' day' in the editorial, local and advertising columns; the merchants increased their advertising space to call attention to bargains which they had to offer for that day only. As a general rule each merchant took some special article, cut the price on it and advertised it extensively. For instance, a grocer would offer twenty pounds of granulated sugar for $1; a dry goods merchant would offer his best calico at three cents a yard, etc. Plenty of hitching space and good water and shade were provided, and every inducement offered which would bring a crowd of farmers to town.

"It is rare that a church dinner is not served on first Monday. Much of the interest in irrigation in this part of Oklahoma was awakened at meetings held here on first Monday. I know farmers who travel a distance of fifty miles to reach Altus on this day, and in a radius of ten miles of Altus it is rare to find a farmer at home on first Monday. They come to Altus with their families and throng the stores all day."—Kansas City Star.

A PHASE OF THE CALAMITY

Just now, while the extent of the Pacific coast horror is only beginning to be realized, and over the wires is still coming a tale of growing disaster, it is difficult to form an adequate idea of the tremendous blow that this cataclysm has deal to the prosperity and fortunes of San Francisco alone, says the New York Evening Sun. A mere hint is afforded by the fact that the Golden Gate city had been having the greatest real estate boom in its history. In March the recorded sales of real property there were the largest by $8,000,000 for any one month on record, reaching a total of $19,046,745, which was more than $14,000,000 in excess of the transfers for March, 1905. In the light of what has happened there is a glimpse of industrial tragedy in the following statement made by the San Francisco Chronicle on April 7 in a real estate review and forecast: "The high standard set last month is being maintained in all branches of realty during the opening of April. The amount and quality of the construction are startling. The fact that San Francisco is becoming the home of tall structures, many of them of architectural beauty, is manifest to anyone with eyes with which to see." There will be nothing but sorrow now in the Puget Sound cities over the calamity of the earthquake, but it would seem that an awful setback had been given to the ports to the southwest.

San Francisco covers an area of 46 square miles. It has an estimated population of 450,000, and the estimated assessed value of real and personal property on June 1 last was $524,224,556 on a 70 per cent valuation. These figures, related to the story which the press of the country is endeavoring to tell, contain an intimation of the appalling significance of one phase of this never-to-be-forgotten earthquake wreck.

Their Place.

Baron Dowse said that on the first day of the Assizes at Cork an officer said to the jury: "Gintlemen av the jury, ye'll take yez accostomed places, if ye plaze." "And," said the witty Irish judge, "may I never laugh again if the jury didn't all walk into the dock."—London News.

A SWORD OF THE OLD FRONTIER

Being a Plain Account of Sundry Adventures befalling Chevalier Raoul de Coubert, one time Captain in the Hussars of Languedoc, during the year 1763.

A TALE OF FORT CHARTRES AND DETROIT

By RANDALL PARRISH

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CHAPTER XXIII.

The sunshine in broad flood of gleaming gold streamed through the opening above me when I first awoke, while a bird was singing joyously upon some tree without. I lay there for several minutes, curled up in that same ball in which I had been sleeping for hours. I could face now clearly for the first time the utter desperation of my position. So suddenly and unexpectedly had the blow fallen, it only served, the evening previous, to bewilder my mind, and blows and ill usage had intensified the shock. But now I awakened with clarified brain, every faculty completely alert for the coming struggle.

I worked slowly to my feet, using the rough logs as assistance, for my every bone ached painfully, and my limbs were stiff. My head, being thus brought above the level of the barricade at the door, enabled me to peer out curiously at the scene beyond; yet I had barely caught one swift glimpse of the little clearing, with that group of warriors yet crouching about the fire, when an Indian, who must have been standing on guard at the very threshold, caught sight of me, and, uttering a guttural exclamation, aimed a sudden blow at my head with the barrel of his gun. I dodged back, quickly, escaping the iron by the merest fraction of an inch, and, as my hands released their supporting grip upon the log, I sank down once more into my old position on the floor. A wooden platter, with some bits of meat in it, rested almost in front of me, where it had doubtless been carelessly dropped by someone leaning across the slab barrier while I yet slept. Feeling greatly the need of food to yield me strength, although loathing its appearance, I began eating slowly, my thoughts upon the situation, my eyes studying furtively the varied features of the place wherein I was confined. From all appearances it was the commonest kind of log cabin, a mere empty shack, hardly fit for even ordinary habitation, the walls bare and ragged, the roof low, the floor trampled earth. Yet it was sufficiently strong for the purposes of a prison, when one realized that watchful, armed guard stationed without. My eyes swept along the great hewn logs, seeking in vain for slightest evidence of decay, and I partially turned, that I might better obtain view of that wall behind me. As I did so my heart gave a sudden throb of surprise. There, upon a rude bench, staring directly at me, sat a white man.

For the moment neither spoke, and I had ample opportunity to view him clearly. He was a young fellow, not more than five and twenty, having a strongly aggressive face, the chin broad with a dimple in it, and serious gray eyes, somewhat deeply sunken. His complexion was fair, unusually so, his hair light, and although cut rather short for these times, plainly exhibited a natural tendency to curl. His face was clean shaven, and he appeared to be a man of good girth and limb. There was a black mark, as from a recent bruise, on one cheek, while his clothing was torn and disordered, yet he wore the gaudy red coat of the British line, with fragments of gold lace still clinging pathetically to sleeve and shoulder.

"My God!" he exclaimed at last in English, continuing to stare at me in evident perplexity. "Are you truly a white man?"

"I have always suspected as much," I returned, a bit nettled by his doubtful tone, "but I may have changed greatly since I last saw a mirror."

"Saint George, you surely have!" was the instant response, "for your face is black enough to be that of a Guinea negro. I watched you sleeping yonder for maybe an hour, but you were curled up so like some wild animal, and your exposed cheek possessed such a color, I knew not exactly what to make of you. However, this no place for any small civilities, and as you are white also, give me your hand."

He strode toward me, a full six-footer, and I met him half way, our hands asping, while we took mental stock of each other. His eyes brightened.

"Well, you are really not so bad, now that I gain a fairer view of you," he admitted good humoredly. "But how came you with so gruesome a face? 'Tis more the color of chocolate than aught else I retain in memory."

"The savages dragged me through the ashes of a fire last night, in addition to which I received falls enough along the trail to add variety to any decoration that might then have been given."

"I should imagine so, for I chanced to witness your entrance here, and truly wonder the drop did not break your neck. But, even beneath its war paint, your face is a strange one to my eyes; surely you were not of the Detroit garrison?"

I shook my head, grown somewhat interested in the boyish bluntness of his questioning.

"From Fort Miami, or the Saint Joseph, mayhap? Or were you with Etherington at Michilimackinac?—all alike, we hear now, the prey of the red savages."

"Neither," I responded quietly, yet wondering how he would take it. "I came hither from the Illinois country, from Fort Chartres, on the great river."

He drew back instantly, his eyes picturing sudden bewilderment.

"Do you mean that you are French?" he questioned doubtfully. "One of Monsieur de Villiers' soldiers?"

"I was never connected with the garrison at Chartres, but am nevertheless a French soldier, Monsieur. You act as if such acknowledgment were confession of crime. It should be enough to know that we are now both prisoners to the same foe."

His sensitive face flushed redly to the reproof in my words, yet he possessed the English stubbornness and prejudice against the nation.

"That may all be true," he admitted soberly; "yet we of the Detroit garrison have good enough reason to distrust French words when spoken on this frontier. Frankly, I would much prefer that you were English, Monsieur, so that we might unite our forces in this time of peril. Were you in the ranks?"

His tone had a military brusqueness which I resented. Evidently he sought to impress me as being a superior.

"I am captain of hussars," I answered more coldly. "My name is De Coubert."

"Ah, that is decidedly better," with new cordiality in voice and manner. "We can at least meet upon social equality, which has its value—I am Lieutenant Challoner, of the Forty-seventh British Foot. Yet how happens it, Monsieur, that you are here in such distress? It was rumored among us in Detroit that Pontiac and Monsieur de Villiers were hand and glove together; that in spite of the clear terms of the treaty of Paris, the French were sending munitions of war, and even men, to aid our besiegers. Saint George! we dispatched a messenger thither a full month since, striving to get at the truth over the Frenchman's own signature, yet the fellow has not returned with any answer."

"Was he a Canadian halfbreed?" I questioned, ignoring for the moment his own query. "How was he known to you in Detroit?"

"Chiefly by his nickname, Black Peter. His mother was English, his father an Indian half-breed. A poor enough representative, I frankly admit, yet where could Gladwyn find a better? No English officer could ever penetrate that cordon of savages unmolested, but there was hope that such as he might get through. By any chance did you meet with him in that country, Monsieur?"

I could not well fail to remark the scarcely veiled depth of interest so apparent in his manner, and dimly wondered at it.

"It is beyond doubt the same man!" I returned, my temper rising as I recurred to it. "A big, swarthy brute, the savage in him barely covered by his English blood. Ay, I met him! He departed from Chartres three days behind me, bearing Monsieur de Villiers' reply to Gladwyn's note. Yet, through misfortune overtaking me upon the trail, he reached this region in advance of me. Last night I encountered him again in the council lodge with Pontiac. It was his damnable lie that brought me here."

The Englishman stared at me as though utterly unable to comprehend such plain speech.

"His lie, Monsieur?" he blurted out boyishly. "I hardly understand how that could be. Yet how dared the fellow venture thus within the camp of these savages? He was never of bold heart, although he bragged loudly. Possessed he, think you, some secrets of correspondence to sell?"

"He had somewhat to sell, no doubt. Ay, more valuable than any letters—his merchandise was flesh and blood. Yet it was not that alone which yielded him such courage. He wore my stolen uniform, and made play with these secret papers intrusted to me by Monsieur de Villiers. Sacre! it was a smart trick enough, and he landed me, gasping like a fish; yet if I live it shall cost him a goodly measure."

The Lieutenant leaned back against the log wall smiling broadly; evidently the recital contained features of amusement, nor was it at all likely he would greatly regret my discomfiture. But suddenly the look of enjoyment faded, and his eyes became anxious.

"While at Chartres," he questioned soberly, his voice unsteady, "saw you anything of two English girls, Monsieur?"

"There were two there when I left," I answered, hesitating a moment in surprise at his knowledge. "A Miss Maitland, together with her companion."

"My God! I thought as much!" he exclaimed, his lips white and trembling. "Brief word reached us that they had proceeded up the river from New Orleans, believing the war between our nations over. Saint George! it was a wild scheme for such as they to undertake! Were they well when you left there? I mean, uninjured?"

"At that time, yes. But may I inquire if either of these ladies is personally known to you?"

"Personally known?" indignantly. "To few better, I may safely say. Miss Maitland is my fiancee, Monsieur. Saint Andrew! it drives me nearly crazy to think of her being held there thus, with all these haunted leagues of wilderness stretching between us. It was seeking word of them through Indian sources that brought me from the Fort, and into this miserable plight."

It was certainly fortunate that his eyes were not upon me as he spoke, or he would surely have read the truth written upon my face. With such suddenness fell the sharp blow of his unexpected words that I started back from him, feeling for an instant faint and dizzy, so that I reeled like a drunken man.

"Your fiancee!" I exclaimed incredulous, all self-control shattered. "Do you mean that you are engaged to be married to Miss Maitland?"

"Do I? And why not, pray? Am I so ill-looking as to make that impossible?" he questioned sarcastically. "True, I may not dress exactly to fit the character, Monsieur, yet I am heir to a very pretty property across the water; yes, and but one step between me and a title of some consequence——" His eyes fell upon my face, and he paused in his raillery, as if smitten dumb at sight of what he read therein.

"Why the devil do you stare at me like that?" he demanded hoarsely. "By God! I half believe you know far more than you dare to tell. Look me square in the eyes, man! Curse you, if slightest harm has befallen that lady through your assistance, I'll throttle you where you stand."

It was no idle threat; I read the truth of his words clearly expressed in the stern gaze bent upon me, the quick, incisive movement of his hands. Disquieted as I was by this revelation, his boyish blustering angered me, and we stood there eye to eye as though about to close in battle. Then my calmer judgment came to the rescue.

"Wait," I said gravely, forcing back every outward show of emotion. "Beyond doubt you have perfect right to my story. I believe it should leave us friends, rather than enemies."

Slowly and deliberately, weighing with much care each word uttered, lest I should express what would better remain unsaid, I gave him briefly those occurrences which had befallen Cassady and myself, together with an account of our friendly relationship toward Mademoiselle and Rene. I dwelt little upon detail, omitting all that was strictly personal in our conversations, yet striving to place the salient facts before him fairly and concisely. As I drew to the end of my narrative he sat hunched over upon the low bench, his face buried in his hands, his body trembling as from an ague fit. Suddenly, as I came to a final pause, yielding apparently to his first impulse, he sprang to his feet and seized me warmly by the hand.

"Monsieur, you have done your best," he exclaimed fervently. "Saint Andrew! such luck; such accursed luck! Believe you grave harm yet threatens them?"

"No more than to be held as prisoners until a fit ransom can be arranged for. That is, such no doubt would be the policy of Pontiac, yet the half-breed may have other less innocent motives, and these savages care little for the customs of civilized warfare. Sacre! for my own part, Monsieur, I would much rather have them safely out of it."

He paced restlessly back and forth across the hard-beaten floor, his face darkened with unpleasant thought, his hands clinched as though he struggled thus to control himself.

"Poor girl; poor, helpless, deserted girl," he muttered sadly; then lifted his voice somewhat. "And we are held here prisoners like two fools, Monsieur, under the guard of Indian rifles. My God! there must surely be some way leading out of it. I was thoroughly disheartened before, while facing merely my own fate, but now I am crazed to desperation at realizing their danger."

"Then you have discovered no point of weakness anywhere?" and I glanced about us over the bare walls.

"None that so much as a mouse might squeeze through. I have sounded every log within reach, and even essayed the roof, but all equally in vain. Yonder is the only opening, and if one merely glance forth, seeking glimpse of the blue sky without, it is to have a rifle barrel thrust in one's face by no gentle hand. Saint Andrew! it was in such experiment I received this bruise upon my cheek."

Assuredly this was no small problem which grimly faced us, yet we talked it over together as if we were old friends, becoming more clear-headed and calm of judgment as we thus faced the matter squarely. There was no further reference to the ladies, as I remember, for we realized that our own escape must first be compassed before we could even hope to succor others in peril. Yet all our discussion found ending in despair, and at the closing of it we seemed as hopelessly entangled as at the beginning. Plan after plan occurred to us, only to be wrecked as suddenly by insurmountable obstacles, until, at last, we both stopped speaking and sat staring each into the other's blank face, utterly baffled, and with naught fronting us save defeat.

"Sacre!" I exclaimed, in disgust at such barren outlook. "There seems nothing for it but sheer luck; well, 'tis a jade that has served me occasionally in the past."

"Ay, but one ever fickle," he retorted, his temper not the best under such delay; "nor am I accustomed to being thus mocked in earnest endeavor——"

His gloomy eyes brightened suddenly, as if he saw something which aroused him. I wheeled quickly to glance in that direction. Just above the slab barrier guarding the doorway I could perceive a hat and the upper portion of a human face, as though their owner surveyed us cautiously. As my eyes fell upon it the apparition instantly vanished, sinking down behind the oaken screen with all the alacrity of the figures at a Punch-and-Judy show.

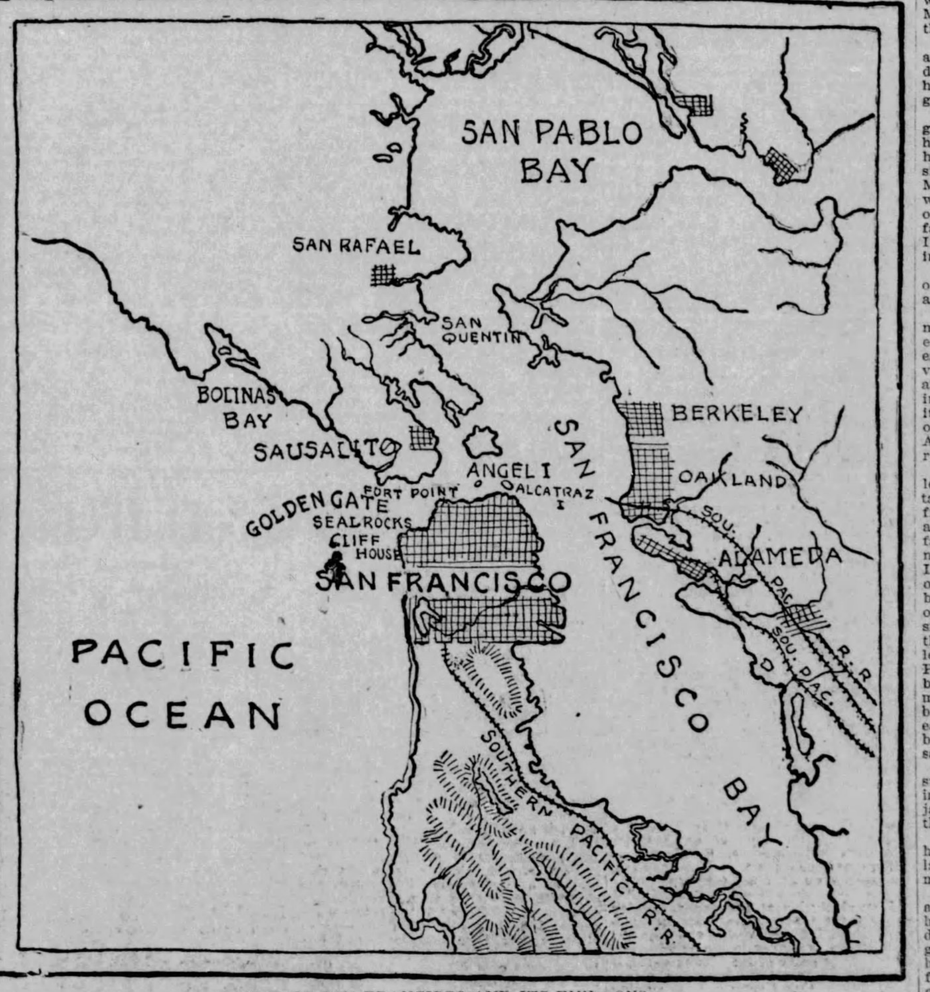
CHAPTER XXIV.

There was small probability of my mistaking that cocked hat, or those solemnly furtive eyes. It was Monsieur Quilleriez. I sprang instantly forward, past the astonished Englishman, eager as any drowning man to grapple at a straw.

"Monsieur," I called aloud, not venturing to approach the door closely. "Monsieur le Commissaire, I would have word with you; there is naught to fear."

His peculiar peaked head arose once

WRECKED CITY IS ISOLATED



MAP OF SAN FRANCISCO AND ITS ENVIRONS.

The peculiar topography of San Francisco and its environments, is responsible for the great difficulty now being experienced in coping with the desperate situation brought about by earthquake and fire. This also furnishes a reason for much of the damage and suffering.

The great city of the Golden Gate is isolated and almost entirely surrounded by water, much like the situation of New York. San Francisco is built on the extreme end of a thumb of land lying between San Francisco Bay and the Pacific ocean. The neck to the south is covered with mountains and the Southern Pacific railroad furnishes the one line into the city by land. The principal railroad communication and the general traffic is by way of Oakland on the eastern side of the bay, and by means of a ferry across nearly five miles of water to the great city. In times of confusion, like the present, it is easy to see how all means of transportation and communication became easily disorganized.

The business section of the city is on the eastern side next to the bay, and the residence district extends west to the ocean.

San Francisco Bay is an immense body of water entirely protected from the storms of the Pacific, yet easily accessible and forming one of the finest harbors in the world. It is deep, safe, convenient and large enough for all the navies and merchant fleets of the world, with a climate free from any winter severity that might interfere with traffic at any time of the year. This makes the San Francisco harbor the principal outlet for the great trade of America with the east, and on its shores in many prosperous cities and towns, dwell today one-fourth of the entire population of California. The population of San Francisco is one of the most cosmopolitan in the world, and the city has many features peculiarly its own. It is a bonanza city, built almost in a day, and the California millionaires are noted as famous spenders. They made a city beautiful, and this fact has added greatly to the monetary damage caused by the disaster.

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mored, Monsieur, that one at least of these two bewitching beauties was heiress to great wealth in England? Such fact is of small account, you understand, to one of my ardent spirit and independent disposition, and only the merest curiosity prompts the inquiry."

"I have heard it mentioned, yet never asked regarding the particulars."

"It is to be regretted, for I am not one desirous of posing, even through ignorance, as a mere vulgar fortune-hunter. No doubt the knowledge, could it be obtained in time, would greatly influence my action, for, as I have already remarked quite frankly, I truly do not know which I admire the more, the dark eyes, or the gray."

"You intentions are serious, then?" I asked somewhat harshly, for the presumption of the little fool was not altogether laughable. The gravest trouble might result from slightest insult to his vanity.

"Why not, Monsieur? I have received much encouragement, and my advancements are already looked upon with marked favor. Who is more irresistible to the fair sex of any nation than a Frenchman, and a soldier? Besides, I know women; my wives were each of a different disposition—one even had red hair—yet all alike became as slaves, living only to retain my smile. What could I not accomplish with a maid whom I truly loved; one actually enthroned upon the vacant altar of my heart? Think you any would hesitate long were the decision to lie between me and that black-faced officer of Monsieur de Villiers?"

I started forward, my teeth clinched in sudden anger. Monsieur Quilleriez, mistaking my swift action, dropped instantly out of sight behind his shield. Scarcely had he vanished when the grim head and front of the naked warrior faced me with uplifted gun.

"I had no purpose of injuring you, Monsieur le Commissaire," I explained loudly, but halting instantly. "It was your word regarding the half-breed which angered me. Does he force his attentions upon those in your charge?"

Exercising extreme caution, his peaked hat crept up alongside the nude chest of the guarding savage, his face beneath creased with perplexity.

"Sacre! but you are most impulsive," he commented slowly, "truly a hot-headed man of war, who requires to be met with firmness and discretion. The half-breed, you ask? Aye, he would enjoy that privilege well enough, and nothing save a wholesome respect for me has restrained him from becoming most obnoxious to those ladies. It is strange some men never discover when they are not wanted. He is of that kidney, as tough of hide as an elephant. Pardieu! the maids were even compelled to make appeal unto me to rid them of his unwelcome presence. You should have seen me in response, Monsieur."

"No doubt it was bravely done, and won for you their warmest gratitude."

"Ay, he is a bravo, Monsieur, a fire-eater, but I cut his comb; nor is he likely to intrude again while I remain on guard over those fair English. A true soldier does not like to boast over loudly about his deeds of valor, especially when they are performed in defense of beauty in distress, but I drove the fellow forth at the point of my sword. You should have witnessed the gratitude of the ladies, Monsieur!—when I returned there were tears in those dark eyes, while she who remains always so reserved and quiet broke her silence and complimented me most highly. In faith, how loveliness in need appeals to us men-at-arms. But, sacre! I have the fellow now where he is little likely to trouble us again."

"How is that? Has he fallen from the good graces of Pontiac?"

"Oh, no; such a happening is not probable, for we all hope much from Monsieur de Villiers. But I have those ladies safe within the bulwarks of my own house, and he will think twice ere he venture there."

At last I had drawn from him the very information I had been fishing for from the start—the place of their confinement.

"Your house? Have you, then, residence in this neighborhood? I had supposed, from your method of commanding, coupled with your military bearing, that you might be of the regular service."

His face flushed with pleasure, and he honored me again with a low bow.

"Merely a volunteer, Monsieur, actuated by purest love of country, together with a liking of war. I have been a trader among the savages, and have done extremely well, being fortunate in other things as well as love. You should see my house; I can assure you it is not bad for this wilderness, and stands upon the high bluff overlooking the broad river, just where the creek yonder finds course. It is not a home any maid would be like to sneer at, Monsieur, and I was not sorry to be permitted to exhibit it to the eyes of those now with me. The knowledge, thus delicately conveyed, that I was a man of property, and not a mere adventurer, had its instant effect upon them. Sacre! women are ever the same, the world over—the musical clink of gold awakens their interest, and that lover is most welcome who can promise comfort and social position. It is already in their minds, no doubt, that to be mistress of such a home would not prove so extremely unpleasant. Yet I have restrained myself thus far from open speech in the matter; there should be discretion in love, Monsieur, as well as in war."

"Unquestionably; and has neither of the ladies made any inquiries as to my fate?"

"She of the darker eyes did—Rene, a most sweet name. The other—the divine Alene remained silent, as is her wont, although she buried her face in her hands, and even appeared to sob, when I told them Pontiac would burn you at the stake as soon as his warriors returned."

"Are you sure she wept?"

"Not absolutely certain, Monsieur, for, as I told you, she hid her face in her hands. Yet I think it quite probable; women are so easily affected by such matters. I have a note here for you from the other. I caused her to write it plainly in French, so I could know what message I carried."

He held forth a scrap of paper as he spoke, and I grasped it eagerly, reading the dozen lines almost at a single glance. It was merely a simple, friendly note, noncommittal, a bit obscure I thought, as though the writer sought to convey more than she dared pen openly. It read:

"Monsieur—We are both well, and safely guarded within the house of M. Quilleriez. Our room looks forth upon the broad river, and a great tree partially shades our window from the sun. It would be very pretty, were it not for those savages who stand at each corner to make us realize we are prisoners. At night we rest in the cellar. It is a most gloomy place, but we have candles to drive away the dark, and no one bothers us. We are so sorry to think of you, Monsieur; my eyes are red with weeping, yet I pray God there may some miracle intervene to save you from so terrible a fate. I can see even now, Monsieur, the far-away light of a star through the bank of earth which surrounds us like a grave. Surely it must be an omen, pointing a possible way out. Be assured we have not forgotten you.

"RENE."

I stood staring at the paper, striving to interpret those vague hints at guidance which I felt convinced the poor girl thus strove to convey to my mind—hints which might prove of the utmost value, if ever I came free from my savage captors. It was then I perceived yet another line, in different handwriting and fainter penmanship, and stepped closer to the opening that I might better decipher it. Pardieu! how my heart throbbed to the first impulse of that brief message.

"I have been told of the other's assumption, and have regained all my faith in you."

I thrust the paper within my belt—it was her first, perhaps her last, written word to me, and sacred to my eyes alone—then glanced from Monsieur Quillerier's inquisitive eyes, still peering at me across the slab, as though he stood on tip-toe, to the silent Englishman, who sat upon the bench staring at the two of us, in utter ignorance of what was going on.

"What is all this beastly pow-wow about?" he asked testily. "Is that an owl or a circus performer out yonder? Never saw I before such a dancing mountebank with so solemn a face. Saint Andrew! he could earn a fortune in England."

"'Tis the officer who has charge of the commissary department for Pontiac," I explained, not over graciously, for the Englishman's words had brought back to me the memory of his claim; "a man of some importance in these parts. The two ladies are confined in his house, and he brings me word that they are well. They even wrote a line, yet it is in French, and beyond your reading." I turned toward the vigilant Commissary.

"You return from here to your home?"

"It is my most delightful duty, Monsieur. Love and war blended in perfect harmony."

"You will bear to those ladies a return message from me?"

"Gladly, if it be also but a mere note of kindness, and written in the French tongue."

"I possess no materials here for writing, so it must be by word of mouth. Tell them I thank both for the note; that it has greatly encouraged me; that while life remains there is ever hope; that I even believe I can see the star, although it may prove to be only a candle. Do you catch my words, Monsieur?"

He nodded gravely, and for a moment I stood looking at him, wondering how far I might venture to trust his stupidity in this message bearing.

"Know you anything of late regarding the soldier who accompanied me hither?"

The fellow crossed himself piously, and glanced back uneasily over his shoulder, as though an unpleasant memory had just recurred to him. Then he suggestively tapped his peaked head.

"Clear gone," he asserted solemnly. "The medicine men drove him out of the council lodge into the woods, and, may the devil take him, but I heard the fellow singing not an hour ago as I came along the trail. Sacre! but he must have had a weak head, for 'twas not likely Pontiac would ever have burned him along with you."

"And how is it with the Englishman here?"

"Pardieu!" carelessly. "'Tis like enough the same, although I know nothing regarding the matter; 'tis none of my affair. But," and his eyes gleamed maliciously, "it will gave me much pleasure to be present at your turn, Monsieur. Sacre! those who lay violent hand on Etienne Quilleriez are most apt to pay for it."

It was as if a spiteful, venomous little cat had spit at me, so sudden was the change in his words and manner.

"Not that I bear any malice," he went on tauntingly. "Oh, no, Monsieur; I am a soldier, and not a savage. Yet, faith, 'tis not in my heart to cry over much because you will feel bad. I have heard them tell of what awaits you, and although I have never yet stood beside the stake in any such scene—for I possess a most sympathetic nature, Monsieur—yet I shall be there to laugh at you—to laugh at you." He bowed mockingly, his cocked hat in his hand, his mouth screwed up into a sardonic smile. "And now I must return direct to the ladies, Monsieur, for they will have wondered greatly at my prolonged absence; they miss me so much when I am away! Oh, yes, I will bear them the words of your message. Why not? 'Tis likely the last, and even an enemy should show that much mercy to one facing death. Au revoir, Monsieur; you do not look very pleasant now, but you will look even less so when we meet again."

The ugly little wretch, conceited, cowardly, cruel, who had hidden so perfectly his real vindictiveness beneath a mask of cunning civility, disappeared as though he had dropped suddenly into some cavity of the earth, the last memory left me being the sneer of triumph on his evil face. A moment I stared after him, impotent to resent his words, yet with both hands clinched in anger. Then I turned slowly, and rejoined the wondering lieutenant upon the bench.

(To be Continued.)

LIGHT TEST FOR GEMS.

"It has frequently been asserted," says a jeweler to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, "that there are certain kinds of artificially made gems, in fact, I believe the statement has been made to cover all kinds of such stones, that it is not only impossible, practically, for the layman to detect them, but that even experts are often deceived. This is a mistake, however, for by the simple light test any gem, except a pearl, may be proved false or real by the veriest tyro at such an undertaking.

"I assume that the light test as regards diamonds is comparatively well known, and this is the same test that may be applied to emeralds, rubies and so forth. It consists of holding the gem directly on a horizontal line between the eye and a light held at a distance of about a foot from the stone, and preferably this light should be a candle. In the case of a diamond, but one light will be seen clearly through the stone, whereas if it is bogus, no matter how much expert care may have been bestowed upon its making, a hundred lights may be observed, none of them clearly defined.

"With other gems the best method of making them is by superimposing a top cutting of garnet on a base, often mere colored glass. When it is held between the light and eye, therefore, this line of juncture, impossible of detection under ordinary circumstances, will appear like a black line. That's just how simple it is to detect fake stones of any kind except pearls, and with these I confess it is hard to make a detection without tests that are not convenient for a layman to undertake. As a rule, however, a pearl of generous proportions and exceptionally good color is always open to suspicion."

Whose Say-so is Best?

With nearly all medicines put up for sale through druggists, one has to take the maker's say-so alone as to their curative value. Of course, such testimony is not that of a disinterested party and accordingly is not to be given the same credit as if written from disinterested motives. Dr. Pierce's medicines, however, form a single and therefore striking exception to this rule. Their claims to the confidence of invalids does not rest solely upon their makers' say-so or praise. Their ingredients are matters of public knowledge, being printed on each separate bottle wrapper. Thus invalid sufferers are taken into Dr. Pierce's full confidence. Scores of leading medical men have written enough to fill volumes in praise of the curative value of the several ingredients entering into these well-known medicines.

Amongst these writers we find such medical lights as Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennet Medical College, Chicago; Prof. Hale, of the same city; Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., late of Cincinnati, Ohio; Prof. John King, M. D., late of Cincinnati, Ohio; Dr. Grover Coe, of New York; Dr. Bartholow, of Jefferson Medical College, of Pa., and scores of others equally eminent.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the worst cases of female weakness, prolapsus, anteversion and retroversion and corrects irregularities, cures painful periods, dries up disagreeable and weakening drains, sometimes known as pelvic catarrh and a multitude of other diseases peculiar to women. Bear in mind, it is not a patent nor even a secret medicine, but the "Favorite Prescription" of a regularly educated physician, of large experience in the cure of woman's peculiar ailments, who frankly and confidingly takes his patients into his full confidence by telling them just what his "Prescription" is composed of. Of no other medicine put up for woman's special maladies and sold through druggists, can it be said that the maker is not afraid to deal thus frankly, openly and honorably, by letting every patient using the same know exactly what she is taking.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, *free*. All correspondence is guarded as sacredly secret and womanly confidences are protected by professional privacy. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

How to preserve health and beauty is told in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It is *free*. For a paper-covered copy send Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 21 one-cent stamps to cover mailing *only*; in cloth binding 31 stamps.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation.

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPENED

Yet in Two Cases They Were Remembered Nevertheless.

Some years ago a story went the rounds of the papers to the effect that the great preacher, Henry Ward Beecher, on one occasion startled his congregation, by saying, as he entered his pulpit, "It is damned hot today." The members of the congregation pricked up their ears with astonishment. After a pause he repeated the remark, and added, "Such were the words I heard as I entered the church." He then proceeded to preach a powerful sermon on the sin of profanity. Mr. Beecher repeatedly denied the correctness of the story both orally and in print, but it still went on its way. Mr. Beecher was speaking of the matter one day, when a young lady friend said, "But Mr. Beecher, you did say it for I heard you." After that Mr. Beecher concluded that it was useless to deny the story any more and decided that it is possible to remember things which never happened.

This reminds me of an incident of my childhood, when a little negro boy came near remembering something that never took place. My little brother Jimmy had hulled a lot of walnuts and left them under the tree to dry. The next day when he went to get them, they were gone, he knew not whither. My school mate, Sam, and I had hidden them to play a trick on Jimmy. When Jimmy could not find his walnuts, he at once jumped to the conclusion that a negro boy named Harry had taken them. He knew that Harry had been into that field to drive up the cows. Jimmy called up the supposed culprit and began with great suavity of manner saying, "Harry, would you tell a lie?" Harry replied that he would not. Then Jimmy delivered a lecture on the sin of telling lies, and told how a man and woman were once struck dead for telling a lie. Then he took Harry to the walnut tree and said, "Now, Harry, did you take my walnuts? Now don't tell a lie, or the devil might come and snatch you right away." Harry was impressed with the gravity of the situation and the imminence of the danger. A look of perplexity came over his honest face, and he scratched his head in deep cogitation. At last he said with solemnity, "I reckon I took them, but if I did I done forgot." That was too much for Sam and me. We broke out with laughter and relieved both Harry and Jimmy by revealing the hiding place of the walnuts. I think if Harry's fears had been stimulated a little more, he would have remembered taking the walnuts.

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POPULAR COLORS.

Green is used a great deal in the new hats, bronze, amazon and olive sharing with the more delicate tones. Apropos of greens, color specialists declare that women whose complexions have no claims to fairness or clearness ought never to adopt the color, either in gown or headgear. They say if one's complexions is the least "bilious" or if the pink has entirely disappeared, green is their sworn enemy. Brilliant and bright green is said to be easier for pale women than the dead shades.

Studying colors and their effect on one's entire ensemble—height, figure and features—is an education in itself, and one finds whole books on it with couturiers. Experiments are being made continually with combinations, and though we perhaps assume that the present age has reached the limit so far as perfection in these things is concerned, indications point to the fact that we shall surely see bolder and more novel color effects and schemes to come, says the New York Sun.

An Interruption.

As the young man was taking leave for the night his voice, as he stood at the door, rose passionately on the still night air.

"Just one," he pleaded—"just one!"

Then the young girl's mother interrupted, calling from her bedroom window:

"Just one?" she cried. "No, it ain't quite that yet; but it's close on to twelve, and so I think you'd better be goin' just the same."—Answers.

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The Farmstead

Questions for Answers.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting the results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible:

Editor Farmstead: Some time ago I saw a formula for keeping fence posts from rotting, and I thought I had put it in my scrapbook, but when I wanted it I could not find it. If the gentleman who published it will be kind enough to send it to you again for publication I will feel very grateful. I am a constant reader of The Blade.—C., Dayton, Wash.

Will some one tell me what will prevent mildew or rust in beans? Last year ours were all destroyed. Also, what will kill lice in the cabbage? I tried salt, and killed the cabbage as well as the lice.—R., Lambertsville, Pa.

Editor Farmstead: I have a piece of land that has wild onions on it. Last year I pulled all I could find and burnt them. I thought there would be but few, if any on the land this year; but there must be fifty to where there was one last year. I wish some reader would tell me whether they are injurious to the land, and how to get rid of them.—R., Troy, N. C.

Will some Farmstead reader tell me how to burn out stumps by the use of saltpeter and kerosene? How much to use and how long to be left in stump? Describe method.—M., Laketown, Mich.

I am anxious to know what is the matter with my chicks. They were growing nicely and seemed to be well. They appear all right in the morning, and by night some of them are dead. Some died when they were a week and some when a month old.—H., Columbia, Cal.

Can anybody give me a recipe for making sweitzer cheese?—S., Enterprise, W. Va.

I have a five-year-old colt that has several big, ugly warts on her breast. Would like to have some reader give me a remedy.—R., Va.

Would like to have several simple remedies for chicken mites. I have heard that coperas in the drinking water prevents disease and promotes health among the fowls. Would like to know if this is true? If coperas will not do this is there any other drug that will have the correct effect?—M., Pulaski, Tenn.

Peanut Culture.

T., Fortuna, Cal.: Write to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, for farmers' bulletin, No. 25. It will tell you all about raising peanuts.

To Clean Brussels Carpet.

E., Coultersville, Ill.: Here is a preparation for cleaning Brussels carpet: 2 oz. washing soda, ½ lb. pulverized borax, ¼ alum, ⅛ lb. rosin soap, ¼ gill alcohol, ½ gill ammonia; when dissolved, add a bucket of cold water and one cake of Babbit's soap; clean the carpet well and after it is tacked down scrub with a brush as you would a floor, using this fluid; use a pail of hot water to rinse with; wipe dry as you clean it. This method will make an old, dingy, dirty carpet look like new, as it brightens the colors.—M., Lambertsville, Pa.

For Weather-Beaten Barn.

Editor Farmstead: Please tell that "weather-beaten barn" subscriber that he cannot get a sizing without using some oil. He had better get gray ochre ground in oil and use enough oil to make it flow good under the brush. It will not cost him very much—4 or 5 cents a pound, in fact he could use the ochre to paint his barn, without lead or paint; that would make a very good job and last well. I have a barn painted with ochre and it looks just as good as though I had used white lead, and it cost less than lead.—R., Tyrell, O.

For an old, weather-beaten barn, the cheapest and best is water paint. It comes in a dry powder, and all that is necessary to get it thin enough to spread well with a brush. It will not rub or wash off.—M., Delaware, O.

The Colt's Cough.

K., Ionia: Put a tablespoonful of lime in your colt's morning feed and it will stop his cough and prevent heaves.—S., Shoal Falls, N. H.

Fresh Pasture for Geese.

H., Randolph, Pa.: In raising geese, change from one pasture to another. Keep them from the morning dew. Their food is the green truck that grows in your yard.—H., Troy, N. C.

For the Heaves.

Barbadoes tar, Venice turpentine and castile soap, of each 4 oz.; root of iron in powder, 6 oz.; tartrate of potash, 2 oz.; heat them all well together, then add anise seed, careway seed, elecampagne root, ginger root—all freshly powdered—of each, 2 oz.; licorice root, powdered, 4 oz.; beat them into a mass for balls with molasses; divide into 16 balls; give one ball every morning, with nothing to eat for two hours; wet the hay or give cornstalks. In three weeks make 18 more balls and give as before.—G., Leslie.

More Colic Remedies.

G., Bancherand, Ia., asks for a cure for colic in horses. The following remedy was given to me and guaranteed infallible: One pint of sweet milk, 1 pint of syrup (kind not specified); mix and warm on stove; stir in a good sized grated Irish potato. If the horse refuses to drink it pour it down his nostrils from a large bottle or through a funnel.—H., Starbuck, Wash.

For colic in horse: Take a teaspoonful of common gunpowder in the palm of hand and hold it under horse's nose; then touch it off so as to make quite a flash. I have never known this to fail.—G., Dayton, Wash.

Non-Bearing Trees.

Editor Farmstead:—I was rather amused at the answers in this week's Blade from H. Skewe York and L. of Hazel Green, Wis., to H. of Thomasville, Ill., regarding nonbearing apple trees. These are like the old lady whose butter refused to come, and cream frothy. She declared that it was bewitched and she would burn it out. So she got a new horseshoe (good luck and sure death to witches, you know,) heated it in the cream and the butter came soon. Nothing would ever convince her that she had not conquered a witch. True explanation: The cream was too cold, her horseshoe warmed it. So like the old lady H. and L. build better than they knew. I have often heard the old story of driving the tree full of nails, but the other is one on me. The idea of the straight root going down in the ground and bringing up cold sap is laughable. Now the truth is, many trees grow too fast to fruit and anything that checks the growth favors fruiting. I have known barren trees being gnawed by a horse attached to them that caused them to fruit. When a boy I knew of a fine cherry tree that would not fruit though 10 or 12 inches in diameter. So one day the owner wanted a block of cherry wood and going out to the worthless tree cut a notch nearly half way through near the ground and again two or three feet up and split out a large block. The next year the tree bore full.

In all these cases the principle is the same. When the block was cut out, the horse gnawed the tree, a circle of nails driven round the body or "L" cuts off the tap root. In each case a large supply of the tree's nourishment is cut off. This checks the growth of wood and causes the tree to form fruit buds. Stark's Nursery Co. advises to remove alternate strips of bark an inch or more wide running up and down the true, leaving the same amount as removed. This accomplishes the same result and does not do as much harm as driving a lot of nails in the tree.

Tell "T.," Fortuna, Cal., to drop a postal card to "Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.," and ask him to send Farmers' Bulletin No. 25, "Peanuts. Their Culture and Uses."

Now will somebody please tell me what to do for the small striped beetle which destroys the cucumber, melon and squash vines, soon after they come up? I have used many powders, but they burrow in them and enjoy it. They destroyed all my vines last year. Also what do do for the rose bug that comes in June. They destroyed all the bloom on my grape vines. Paris green "never touched them."—M., Hoalt, W. Va.

How Deep to Plow.

How should I plow? is a question frequently asked and seldom correctly answered. In fact, it is almost one of the unanswerable questions, for there are a host of conditions to take into consideration while adjusting the clevis on the end of the plow beam. The man who advises us to plow deep without qualifications is as apt to be wrong as right. The farmer who plows or breaks deep for flax usually gets a smaller yield than the farmer who turns over a thin furrow, as flax seems to thrive better in a shallow seed bed. To plow the corn stubble deep in spring and sow to grain means a weak, sickly straw in a wet season and a light crop in a dry season. Especially is this true on loose prairie soils. To follow shallow plowing with deep plowing, or turn up a large amount of cold, dead, inert soil at one time that never before saw the light of day, is to do that which is most certain to bring a light crop, for the fertility in this soil, even though plentiful, is locked up. This new soil must be open to the sun for a time. As the old farmer would say, it must be sweetened before it will make the crops grow. It is like the dirt out of the bottom of the post hole, or the well or ditch, as it will do no more than grow a puny plant during the first year, but in later years it will produce a bountiful crop. A certain kind of clay soil when plowed deep comes up like putty and has a greasy appearance, as it slips from the moldboard, and will bring disappointing crops until it becomes slacked and incorporated with vegetable matter. We are not by any means arguing in favor of shallow plowing, but simply advising to plow with discretion. Plow deep, but let it be by going a trifle deeper with each succeeding year and let this deep plowing be done early. Don't throw up too much new soil at one time, and let this deep plowing be done in the early autumn, so that the new soil may have a long time in which to slack or pulverize. The greater the intervening time between plowing and cropping, the deeper the plowing may be. Every man must work out his own problem of how deep to plow. We can only hope to offer a few of the general principles of plowing. The character of the soil, climate, depth of soil, the amount of vegetable matter in the ground and the kind of crop to be grown, must all be taken into consideration. The man who makes no mistakes must reason well. To appreciate how much there is to plowing is to realize what there is in the old saying that "A poor plowman is as never a good farmer."—The Farmer.

Breed Cows for Milk.

There are several factors which enter into this question of economical milk production, but owing to the limited time I shall have to pass somewhat hurriedly over some of the points.

The first factor, which to a large extent determines the economy of milk production, is the man handling the cow. Men who are accustomed to handling steers, and would rather feed steers than milk cows, are usually the men who will not get the milk economically from the cow. There are some men very much like the old maid who said she hated men so much that she would not even use a hymn book in church, and there are some men who hate cows so that no matter what kind of a cow you give them they would not be able to produce milk economically. A man must first have a real love for his cows, he must be able to coax the milk out of them. I never saw a better illustration of that than in our own stable at the present time, where we have a man who can literally coax the milk out of the cows. There are giving more milk than we ever did under any other man that I ever had; the cows milk better than they have done in years and I will tell you how he does it. He goes among the cows, and talks to them just as he would to a human being. He is a man who really loves cows. He was receiving $30 a month, and came and worked for us for $35 a month. I asked him why he did it, and he said because he liked cows.

I hold that the dairymen of this country must give more attention to the dairy qualities of their animals, or, in other words, their power to produce milk, and I think these shrewd Scotch farmers are beginning to realize that they have made a mistake in their system of judging cattle at their shows in Scotland. I presume they have realized the truth of that statement made by the great teacher when he said: "Ye blind guides who strain at the gnat and try to swallow a camel." Or as the old fellow said in reading that, "They strain at a gate, and try to swallow a sawmill." The time has come when we must change, and the man who is breeding dairy cows must breed them not for their form, but for their power to produce milk.

One of the cows in our herd produces milk at a cost of 31 cents per 100 pounds another cow costs us seventy-nine cents for the feed to produce 100 pounds of milk, and if we were sending her milk to the cheese factory, and getting 65 cents per 100 pounds for it, how many cows would we have to keep before we would get rich? And yet there are a number of cows in this country that are producing milk that costs about the same price.—H. H. Dean in Report of Canadian Live Stock Association.

FLIGHTS OF THE DREAMER

A flash of light is not sluggish, sound travels rapidly, a bullet is no messenger boy and an automobile which shoots a mile in twenty-eight seconds is moving along certainly. When it comes to getting over the ground in a real hurry, however, to devouring distance in dead earnest, the dreamer marches proudly at the head of the procession, says the Providence Journal. He makes the latest thing in the line of 150 horsepower racing cars look like hay carts in a mud bank. A man sits in his chair after dinner and dozes; he awakes with a start and discovers to his surprise that he lost consciousness for exactly three minutes by the clock. Yet in those three minutes he journeyed from New York to Port Said, transferred himself to St. Petersburg, loitered in Paris and London and sailed up the Nile. What is of greater importance in this connection, he journeyed leisurely, almost indolently; he stopped at various "points of interest" and examined them thoroughly; he met with annoying and amusing experiences on steamships and trains; he talked with acquaintances whom he encountered in foreign lands, and he told some of them precisely what he thought of them—there was genuine pleasure in that. A dreamer can put thousands and thousands of miles behind him in the short space of three minutes and lazily enjoy himself in his wandering. By comparison the chauffeur, with his life in his hands, is a slow coach; and he must attend strictly to business; he can engage in no conversation or sightseeing.

Atoning for His Impoliteness.

The man at the desk was writing a letter.

"Won't you quit looking over my shoulder and take a chair?" he said, turning around and smiling at the caller. "Pardon my lack of manners in not asking you to do so sooner."—Chicago Tribune.

STARK TREES Best by Test—80 YEARS. We Want MORE Salesmen PAY CASH Weekly Stark Nursery, Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N. Y.

The WAY of a GENIUS

BY ELIZABETH AYRES

Elinor sat in a shadowy corner of the room and watched her husband out of gloomy, brooding eyes. She could watch him without danger of detection, for Robert Lovell, absorbed in the isolating joy of creating, was in a world apart. How many evenings in the past ten years she had sat and watched him bending over his drawing table, studying blue prints, measuring and inscribing lines which meant to him the plan of some new and wonderful piece of machinery.

Ten years it had been since they were married. Ten years, during which time nearly every evening had been spent as the present. She made no pretence of busying herself with the sewing ready to her hand. It was nothing but mending and patching. Patches are the badges of poverty, she thought, and she was so tired of it all. She was so tired of a poverty which was unnecessary if Robert would but give up his inventive craze and devote himself to his profession. He was a skilled draughtsman, and when he would work, his services were always in demand.

It was not that he was indolent, but mechanical devices were constantly weaving themselves in his brain and he must give them expression. He worked only when need was pressing and the tradespeople refused to give him further credit. They lived a hand to mouth existence, and today, when she had gone to purchase supplies, the grocer was most ungracious and filled her order reluctantly. In her girlhood's home everything had been properly ordered. Her parents were not rich people, but they had a large enough income to warrant all the comforts of life and many of its luxuries. Debt they regarded as something disgraceful. Since her marriage, Elinor had passed through the mortifying process of dropping down one peg at a time until they had come to two rooms in a cheap neighborhood.

In the beginning, the happiness of being with Robert had atoned for discomforts. Then she was capable of sharing his hopes and beliefs in his inventions. Gradually, as they came to naught, or others profited by his genius, she lost faith and fell into a slough of discouragement. Robert never wavered in his faith or hope. He was always possessed with some new idea which he must bring into being, and externals counted for nothing. He loved his wife. His love for her Elinor never doubted, but frequently of late the thought had bit into her heart that he could find sufficient joy in life without her. She was not really necessary to his happiness. A piece of fine machinery seemed to mean more to him than anything human. She could not compass his point of view, and hers could not enter his comprehension.

Genius is always intolerant. His point of view is so vivid that all others are dark, invisible beside it. Elinor felt she was in this outer darkness, there to remain, since she could not bring herself to a disregard of the advantages brought by money. It was not wealth for which she craved. She wanted only enough to live simply without the harassings of poverty. This freedom from care might so easily be theirs, if Robert would but follow his profession and live like a normal man.

She regarded him from out of her dark corner with eyes into which had crept an expression of hardness. His was a vivid face, holding that look of youth which is preserved by intense mental activity. He had looked like this when they were married. Time had not changed him; it had simply passed him by. Her own face had aged, she knew, and was marked with deep lines, the scars of her struggles. She remembered the useless tears she had shed, tears that had washed some of the sunshine out of life for ever, and her heart grew bitter that Robert could live by her side without observing how she was changing. He might have prevented it so easily, she thought with resentment.

She took up her sewing and worked at it in silence. Now and then she could hear the soft click of Robert's drawing tools as he lifted them or laid them down on his table. Occasionally he hummed a little under his breath, and his appearance of absolute contentment increased her irritation. At length she spoke.

"Robert," she said. He did not hear her.

She compressed her lips and spoke again.

"Robert," she repeated, distinctly and sternly.

"Yes, dear," he returned, "what is it?"

He regarded her with a far-off, unseeing look in his eyes, which betrayed his preoccupation.

"Please pay me a little attention," Elinor requested. "I have something to say to you, and you must listen."

"Why, of course, dear," Robert answered gently, "what is it?"

"How much longer is this sort of thing to continue?" Elinor broke out passionately. "We have nothing. We are nothing. You care for nothing except that drawing of yours which brings no result and only makes us poorer. Once I had faith and hope like you. But ten years of the grind, ten years of living with a man who grows more and more like a piece of bloodless machinery have robbed me of all faith and happiness. I cannot, will not bear it any longer. If you care for me or my wishes, you will give it up and follow your profession. Then we can at least live like respectable human beings. I've suffered all the humiliations of poverty, and you know I've suffered in silence. Night after night we sit like this. I mending and patching, trying to hold our few poor rags together, and you bending over that senseless table, forever drawing and drawing, penciling out your dreams, forgetting your wife, your promises—everything that makes life worth living—and for what? It comes to nothing. The end of each year finds us as we were before. Oh it is deadening, disheartening. Look at me," she went on, thrusting her face into the light. "Look at me. Old before my time, and you—oh, you thing of dreams and fancies, have not even noticed the change."

"Why, Elinor," Robert cried in alarm, coming to her side and laying his arm across her shoulders. "Dear, are you ill?"

"Ill? No." Elinor flung back wildly "Unless being half crazed with disgust and disappointment, is illness. Look at me," she persisted; "do you think I'm a happy woman?"

Like a child, Robert obeyed her command. He saw, without half realizing, the sharpened contour of her face, the dark circles under her eyes, and the pallor of her cheeks. The corners of her mouth were drooping and her lips were drawn in a line of suffering.

"Why, dear," he said gently, "you're always pretty to me. I love you so, Elinor, I love you so. I never dreamed you were unhappy. I am so happy myself. I didn't know, I didn't realize. Of course I will go to work as you say, just as soon as I've finished this scheme I have in my mind. It won't take me long, dear, and this is a great thing. You don't know how great it is, and I've nearly got it. Then there'll be no more worry about money. Did you need some money now, Elinor?" he questioned, putting his hand to his pocket.

He brought it away empty.

"I'll have some tomorrow," he promised her, speaking with a note of propitiation. "Don't you worry. Let me work this out and then you'll see. Why, girl, we'll be so happy! Sit tight for a little while longer. I suppose I am trying, but I couldn't get along without you. Maybe I don't talk when we are together, but I know you are near. I couldn't get along without you. Wait a little and you'll see."

He patted her shoulder reassuringly and nodded hopefully.

They kept together in silence for a few moments. Elinor was seemingly unresponsive, but her heart grew warmer.

"Little boy," she was saying to herself, "little boy."

She glanced up at his face, her expression reflecting the light of forgiveness. His eyes were straying longingly toward his drawing table. His look was preoccupied and bitterness held her again.

"Go back to what you call work," she said hopelessly. "I understand what a hold it has on you—I understand."

"Elinor, my wife," he whispered, bending to kiss her lips, "it's all for you, and this time it is surely something great. Believe me, dear, it is something great."

The following morning Elinor awoke weighted with depression. Robert was exasperatingly cheery at breakfast, ignoring her mood of the night before.

"I'm going to work today," he informed her, gaily. "Tonight we'll have wealth and more at the end of the week. I'm to see a man on important business this afternoon," he said mysteriously. "I may have good news to bring home. Now, don't you worry. I'm getting things into shape."

His bright hopefulness was almost contagious, but Elinor could not feel satisfied. She went about her housekeeping tasks with a half-formed resolve in her mind, which at last became a decision.

"I shall go home to mother and father. There is no other way to change Robert. It hurts

WHAT JOY THEY BRING TO EVERY HOME

as with joyous hearts and smiling faces they romp and play—when in health—and how conducive to health the games in which they indulge, the outdoor life they enjoy, the cleanly, regular habits they should be taught to form and the wholesome diet of which they should partake. How tenderly their health should be preserved, not by constant medication, but by careful avoidance of every medicine of an injurious or objectionable nature, and if at any time a remedial agent is required, to assist nature, only those of known excellence should be used; remedies which are pure and wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, like the pleasant laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. Syrup of Figs has come into general favor in many millions of well informed families, whose estimate of its quality and excellence is based upon personal knowledge and use.

Syrup of Figs has also met with the approval of physicians generally, because they know it is wholesome, simple and gentle in its action. We inform all reputable physicians as to the medicinal principles of Syrup of Figs, obtained, by an original method, from certain plants known to them to act most beneficially and presented in an agreeable syrup in which the wholesome Californian blue figs are used to promote the pleasant taste; therefore it is not a secret remedy and hence we are free to refer to all well informed physicians, who do not approve of patent medicines and never favor indiscriminate self-medication.

Please to remember and teach your children also that the genuine Syrup of Figs always has the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package and that it is for sale in bottles of one size only. If any dealer offers any other than the regular Fifty cent size, or having printed thereon the name of any other company, do not accept it. If you fail to get the genuine you will not get its beneficial effects. Every family should always have a bottle on hand, as it is equally beneficial for the parents and the children, whenever a laxative remedy is required.

QUESTION BUREAU ?

RULES—1.—Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions on religious topics—no questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

John Rogers, Martyr.

Editor Question Bureau: The John Rogers I wanted to know about was the one who was burned at the stake.—S. R. M., Delevan, N. Y.

John Rogers, the English Reformed clergyman, was the first martyr in the Marian persecution. He was born about 1500. He obtained his education at Cambridge, and in 1532-4 was rector of Trinity the Less, London, and then went to Antwerp as chaplain to the English merchants there. There, it is said, he was led by William Tindal, then busy on the translation of the Old Testament into English, to change his religious views. He then took charge of a Protestant congregation at Wittenberg and prepared for the press an English rendering of the Bible, including Tindal's New Testament, and Old Testament as far as the end of 2d Chronicles. His part in the translation was slight, but this marginal notes formed the earliest English commentary on the Scriptures. The whole constituted the second complete version in English, Coverdale's having appeared in 1535, while this appeared, with the pseudonym "Thomas Matthews" on the title page, in 1537. In 1548 Rogers returned to England, in 1550 was simultaneously made rector of St. Margaret Moyses, London, and vicar of St. Sepulchre there. In 1551 he received the prebend of St. Pancras in St. Paul's cathedral. In 1553 he preached twice at Paul's Cross, the second time against Catholicism, three days after Queen Mary's arrival in London. He was shortly deprived of the emoluments of his beneficence, on January 27, 1554, imprisoned at Newgate at the instance of Bonner, new Bishop of London, and after two examinations, was burned at the stake at Smithfield, February 4, 1555.

No President for One Day.

Editor Question Bureau: A short time ago someone asked if there was not someone who served as President of the United States for one day. You said there was not. Is it not a fact that in 1849 D. Atchison, president pro tem. of the senate, served for one day, from Sunday noon till Monday noon, March 4 and 5? President Taylor was not sworn in till Monday, March 5.—T. A. R., Marysville, O.

This question has been frequently asked and as often answered. We know of no way to settle it. The claim has been made that Mr. Atchison was president for one day, some records of prominent authority have so stated. The one point, however, which they overlook is that Mr. Atchison did not take the oath of office—there was no necessity for his having taken it—and until he did so he could not in reality be President. This is the point we have taken in replying to queries on the subject.

The Egyptian Pyramids.

Editor Question Bureau:—For what purpose, by what people were the pyramids built? Please give me all the information that space will permit.—I. V. A. U., Claypool, Ind.

We deem it unnecessary to say that the pyramids to which you refer were those built by the Egyptians. If Herodotus was right, the Egyptians considered the pyramidal form as an emblem of human life; the broad base was significant of the beginning, and its termination in a point of the end of our existence in the present state; for which reason they made one of this figure in their sepulchres. In ancient times the Egyptian pyramids were regarded as forming one of the seven wonders of the world. They are built mainly of a hard limestone, but large blocks of granite are also used, especially on the outside. The pyramids were intended both as monuments and tombs, for they contain one or more sepulchral chambers, quite small, however, when compared with the total mass. They appear to date from the period of the third dynasty to the twelfth, say 2,500 or 2,000 B. C., after which none was built. Each pyramid was commenced over a sepulchral chamber excavated in the rock, and the work went on during the lifetime of the king for whom it was intended. A low, narrow passage was kept open as the tiers of stone were added, in order that access might be obtained to the central chamber from without, and when the monarch died the work ceased and the last layers were then finished off and the passage closed up. The pyramids now standing, all in middle Egypt, are divided into five groups, containing in all about forty pyramids. The district in which the pyramids stand begins above Dashur and extends by Sakkara and Memphis along the western margin of the valley of the Nile for about 60 or 70 miles, the last group being but a few miles above Cairo. This last group, which is in the neighborhood of the ancient Memphis, is the most remarkable. It consists of nine pyramids, and comprises the three most celebrated monuments of the kind in existence, namely, the pyramid of Cheops, called the Great Pyramid; that of Cephen, and that of Mycerinus—the last much smaller than either of the others. According to Herodotus the Great Pyramid was built by Cheops. It took 100,000 men working ten years to make a causeway 3,000 feet long, to facilitate the transportation of the stone from the quarries; and the same number of men for 20 years more to complete the pyramid itself. Herodotus further describes the method of building by steps, and raising the stones from layer to layer by machines, and finally facing the external portion from the top down. The pyramid at present covers an area of more than 12 acres. The base is about 750 feet square, but was formerly about 768 feet. The perpendicular height, which before the disappearance of the apex was about 482 feet, is now 451 feet. The area at the top is about 12 yards square. The outer casing of small stones has been removed, and the appearance of the sides now present is that of a series of ascending steps. By these steps, which number 203, the ascent is made comparatively easy, though the lower ones are four feet ten inches high. The contents of solid masonry has been estimated at 82,111,000 cubic feet. The only entrance is on the north face, 49 feet above the base, though the masonry about has been so much broken away that the debris reaches nearly up to it. The sepulchral chamber is 46 feet long by 27 feet wide and 11½ feet high. From the entrance passage another branches off and leads to several other passages and chambers. One of the latter, known as the queen's chamber, is situated about the center of the pyramid, 67 feet above the base. It measures 17 feet broad by 18 feet 9 inches long, and 20 feet 3 inches high. The other, called the king's chamber, is reached by an offshoot from the queen's passage, 150 long. Its dimensions are 34 feet 3 inches long by 17 feet 1 inch wide, and 19 feet 1 inch high. The chamber is lined with red granite, highly polished, single stones reaching from the floor to the ceiling, and the ceiling itself is formed of nine large slabs of polished granite extending from wall to wall. The chamber is supposed to have contained a wooden coffin with the mummy of the king, and that these long since disappeared, when the pyramids were first opened and plundered.

The International Date Line.

Editor Question Bureau: Please answer in The Blade Thursday why the international date line is not straight. We have been discussing it in school, and we want your opinion.—L. S., Greentown, Ind.

The opinion of the Bureau cannot well settle the question for you. We would advise you to get all you can out of your school discussion of the subject. The international date line, we must assume, was established after the dates on Pacific ocean islands were fixed, and that these facts were taken into consideration when it was established. This would account for its irregularity. As it exists it can scarcely be regarded as a true international date line. As a general rule it may be said that the date now in use upon most of the islands or groups is the date which results from the one carried around by the first European or American colonists; and this date will presumably be different according as the colonists came from the east or west. In some cases, however, arbitrary changes are known to have been made.

A Question of "Pitch."

Editor Question Bureau: In a four-handed game of "pitch" A and B plays with C and D. A deals and C bids four and takes the bid away from C. Now I say he cannot do it, others say he can. Who is right?—R. J. R., Rockford, Ill.

You are right. When C bid four he bid the limit. It would be absurd to assume that A could bid the same and make the trump.

Sea and Ocean.

Editor Question Bureau: Is there a difference between sea and ocean? If so, tell what it is.—B. W. Fenton, Ky.

In a general way the sea and ocean are the same. The term "sea" refers to the salt waters that cover the greater part of the earth's surface. More specifically a sea is a more or less distinctly limited or landlocked part of the ocean having considerable dimensions.

Emilio Aguinaldo.

Editor Question Bureau: Kindly give an account of the capture of Aguinaldo, his present whereabouts and the punishment he received.—L. C. W., Prairie Depot, O.

Emilio Aguinaldo, leader of the Filipino insurgents, was captured March 23, 1901, by General Fred Funston and a company of picked men, who, on the night of March 8, embarked from Manila on the United States cruiser Vicksburg. At 2 a. m., March 14, the Vicksburg put her lights out and ran in shore 25 miles north of Casiguran, province of Principe. The party landed and marched to Casiguran. On the morning of March 23 was met by the staff officer of Aguinaldo's bodyguard, which was ordered to take charge of the Americans, who were ceremonially held as prisoners, while one of the ex-insurgent officers who was with the Funston party conversed with Aguinaldo. The ruse worked and the insurgent leader was soon in the hands of Funston. April 2 Aguinaldo took the oath of allegiance to the United States, thus escaping punishment. He is at present in the Philippines, enjoying his liberty.

Seven Wonders of the World.

Editor Question Bureau: I would like to know the seven wonders of the world.—C. H. D., Arab, Mo.

The seven wonders of the world are the pyramids of Egypt, the walls and hanging gardens of Babylon, the temple of Dinana at Epherys, the statue of the Olympian Jupiter at Athens, the Mausoleum, the Colossus of Rhodes, the Pharos, or lighthouse of Alexandria. This group of the seven wonders originated among the Greeks, in the time of Alexander. The group of natural objects that have been classed as the seven wonders of the new world are Niagara Falls, the canons and Garden of the Gods, Colorado, the grand trees, California, the natural bridge, Virginia, and the Yosemite valley.

Statue of Liberty.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please give a description of liberty? Also by whom and for what purpose built?—J. L., Jane Lew, W. Va.

The statue of liberty is located on Bedloe's Island, in New York harbor. It was dedicated October 28, 1886, after twelve years of preparation. It was dedicated by the people of France to the United States. The statue was the conception of M. Bartholdi, who designed it for the Franco-American union in 1874. It was built by popular subscription in France. The statue is of bronze. The dimensions are as follows: Water level to top of pedestal, 149 feet, 10 inches; statue proper to top of torch, 151 feet, 5 inches; total height from water level, 301 feet, 3 inches; heel to top of head, 111 feet, 6 inches; length of hand, 16 feet, 5 inches; index finger, 8 feet; circumference of second joint, 7 feet, 7 inches; size of finger-nail, 13x10 inches; head, from chin to cranium, 17 feet, 3 inches; head thickness from ear to ear, 10 feet; distance between the eyes, 2 feet, 6 inches; length of nose, 4 feet' 6 inches; length of right arm, 42 feet; greatest thickness of right arm, 12 feet; thickness of waist, 35 feet; width of mouth, 3 feet. The statue weighs 450,000 pounds, or 225 tons; the bronze alone weighs 200,000 pounds. Forty persons can stand comfortably in the head, and the torch will hold 12 people. The cost of the statue is estimated at $250,000; the cost of the pedestal and erection of the statue., $350,000; total cost of the work, completed, $600,000. The light in the torch is maintained by the lighthouse service of the government. The statue exceeds in height the Colossus of Rhodes, which is said to have been 105 feet high.

Causes of Earthquakes.

Editor Question Bureau:—Please state what you know about earthquakes? What causes them? Is there any danger of them in this country?—S. W., Urbana, Ill.

It is generally understood that earthquakes are due to a variety of causes. Some are caused by explosions of steam that are the chief characteristics of violent volcanic eruptions. Thus the terrific explosion that tore off the greater part of the island of Krakatoa, in 1883, was the cause of a violent earthquake. Earthquakes frequently precede volcanic outburst and cease as the eruption begins. Again, it is said to be possible that in regions of present or recent volcanic activity when no volcanic outbreak accompanies or follows an earthquake the latter may have been caused by movements of molten rock deep underground. The sudden expansion of such rock, if pressure were relieved by the opening of some fissure, as in the formation of dikes, might cause a severe earthquake. In regions remote from volcanoes it is probable that earthquakes are caused by the same stresses in the earth's crust that tilt and fold strata into mountains. The strains to which the rocks are thus subjected when suddenly relieved by the rocks giving way produce many earthquakes. It is pointed out in this connection that the slight earthquakes of recent occurrence show that mountain building is still in progress. The seismic wave that circles the earth is, therefore, simply a zone of weakness in the earth's crust, within which crusted movements are frequent. Earthquakes in regions remote from any volcano have usually, when carefully studied, been traced to some line of rock weakness as a fault. Such earthquakes are merely phenomena accompanying rock movements that may in time greatly modify the earth's surface. As to the danger of earthquakes in this country we have but to refer to the San Francisco disaster.

Gen. George H. Thomas.

Editor Question Bureau:—Some time since I saw in a New York paper a reference to the will of the late General Thomas, giving to his children several million dollars. Was it Gen. George H. Thomas, or was Gen. George H. Thomas a rich man? Was the general buried in New York or California?—O. T., Parmelee, Mich.

Gen. George H. Thomas died in California in 1870. eH had no children. As to his wealth we know nothing.

A Misstatement.

Editor Question Bureau:—We have been informed that the government is going to stop the rural free delivery of mail. Is this true? If so, why so?—J. E. H., Hendersonville, N. C.

You have been misinformed, the government is contemplating no such move. The only occasion for such a report is in the fact that a close account is being kept on the amount of mail handled on certain routes, and where it does not reach a certain standard the route may be discontinued or united with another, in order to cover more territory. There will be no general discontinuance of the service.

Diogenes of Sinope.

Editor Question Bureau:—Will you please give a sketch of the life of Diogenes?—S. M. E., Homby, N. Y.

Diogenes was born about 412 B. C. in Sinope, a city of Pontus in Asia. Having been banished from his native place with his father, who had been accused of coining false money, he went to Athens, and requested Antisthenes to admit him among his disciples. That philosopher in vain attempted to repel the importunate supplicant, even by blows, but finally granted his request. Diogenes devoted himself, with the greatest diligence, to the lessons of his master, whose doctrines he extended still farther. At the same time he applied, in its fullest extent, his principle of divesting himself of all superfluities. He taught that a wise man, in order to be happy, must endeavor to preserve himself independent of fortune, of men, and of himself; in order to do this he must despise riches, power, honor, arts, and sciences, and all the enjoyments of life. He endeavored to exhibit, in his own person, a model of cynic virtue. For this purpose he subjected himself to the severest trials, and disregarded all the forms of polite society. He often struggled to overcome his appetite, or satisfied it with the coarsest food; practiced the most rigid temperance, even at feasts, in the midst of the greatest abundance, and did not even consider it beneath his dignity to ask alms. By day he walked through the streets of Athens barefoot, without any coat, with a long beard, a stick in his hand, and a wallet on his shoulders. He defied the inclemency of the weather, and bore the scoffs and insults of the people with the greatest equanimity. Seeing a boy draw water with his hand he threw away his wooden goblet as an unnecessary utensil. On a voyage to the island Aegina Diogenes fell into the hands of pirates, who sold him to the Corinthian Xeniads in Crete. The latter emancipated him and entrusted him with the education of his children. In summer he lived in Corinth and in winter in Athens. It was at the former place that Alexander found him on the roadside basking in the sun, and astonished at the indifference with which the ragged beggar regarded him, entered into conversation with him, and finally gave him permission to ask for a boon. "I ask nothing," answered the philosopher, "but that thou wouldst get out of my sunshine." Surprised at this proof of content, the king is said to have exclaimed: "Were I not Alexander I would be Diogenes." At another time he was carrying a lantern through the streets of Athens in the daytime; on being asked that he was looking for he answered: "I am seeking a man." We are told that Socrates once said to him, "I see your vanity through the holes of your coat;" but chronology will not admit of the truth of this anecdote. No doubt many of the anecdotes told of this peculiar man are fiction. Diogenes died 323 B. C., at a great age.

Words of Commendation.

Editor Question Bureau:—I have written you occasionally to protest; now, I want to send you a word of commendation. In your issue of April 12, your article on Alexander Campbell and the Campbellites is excellent. I thank you for replying to your critic in so vigorous and yet so courteous a manner. Your patience must often be sorely tried, so accept herewith the approbation of one appreciative reader.—W. M. C., Burlingame, Kan.

Miscellanous.

F. M. W., Plymouth, Ind.:—The Question Bureau has recently given a number of the important battles of the civil war, together with the casualties. It would seem like a waste of space to repeat them.

A. B. S., Lexington, Mich.:—We advise you to ask some civil engineer of your acquaintance for the information you want. We have not any technical knowledge on the subpject.

B. H., East Liverpool, O.:—Simply address the agricultural department for the information you desire.

J. D. K., Troy, Ariz.:—We can tell you nothing of the experiences of the three men who left Major Powell's exploring party.

J. W. H., Hale, N. C.:—The latest statistics we have at hand give the number of Catholics in the world at 230,866,533; Protestants, 143,237,625.

F. G., Staunton, Va.:—Cannot tell you what the medal you describe really is. It may have been used as in a political campaign.

C. G., Coldwater, Mich.:—The United States census is taken every ten years, and the census of all the states is taken at the same time.

H. G. M., Little Valley, N. Y.:—The best thing for you to do would be to consult a lawyer. We are not familiar with the laws of your state. If your village is incorporated, you should be familiar with its ordinances.

S. C. H., Lewisport, Ky.:—The 28th of May, in the year 1883, came on Monday.

Recent Literature.

The following books have been received by The Blade from the publishers named. For further information address the publishers, not us:

From Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:

Several of Nelson Lloyd's recent short stories have been assembled in a volume entitled Six Stars, which is the name of the country town where are placed the scenes and incidents described by the stories.

Mr. Lloyd's descriptions of the things that happened at Six Stars are very amusing, and the pleasing qualities of the book are enhanced by the effective illustrations. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

A narrative of the experiences of an American teacher in the far-away possessions of the United States, by William B. Freer, makes an interesting volume published under the title Philippine Experiences. The author spent three years in the island as a teacher, and therefore knows whereof he writes. Those who follow these pages will find themselves better prepared to judge of the duty of the United States to the Filipinos and the work that must be done to prepare them for self-government. The volume is illustrated.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York:

An airy, fairy, Lilian sort of a story is related in the novel by Molly Elliot Seawell, entitled The Chateau of Montjalin. The book is a comedy in which French people and French scenes are the factors.

George Horace Lorimer is the author of the novel called the False Gods, which describes the adventures of a young reporter bent on carrying a sensational story. The account of his experiences reads lively, and frequently exciting reading.

From The Century Co., New York:

Dr. Mitchell's new book, A Diplomatic Adventure, is a bright little serio-comedy which occasionally hovers on the brink of tragedy. The narrative is told in the first person by a secretary to the American legation in France during the summer of 1862.

The tale is amusing and, like all of Dr. Mitchell's work, is exquisite in its literary finish.

The story of a "witching" little Kentucky widow, who goes to Japan to teach in a mission school, is related in the novelette written by Frances Little, entitled The Lady of the Decoration. The witching widow has suffered an unhappy past, and partly to support herself and partly to escape from the scene of her sorrows, she goes to Japan, there to teach American ways to the children. The story of her voyage and life in the Orient is related by letters which the widow writes to a friend. The letters are sparkling and lively, and filled with the spirit of a woman who, outwardly, makes a jest of trouble.

The book entitled Party Leaders of the Time, written by Charles Willis Thompson, is a collection of pen portraits and character studies delineating the personalities of the men prominent in national affairs during what may be described as the Roosevelt period of American history. The material of these sketches was drawn from their writer's experience as Washington correspondent for eastern newspapers, and they afford intimate glimpses of the men portrayed. Thirty-two portraits, many of them snap shot pictures, aid the value and interest of this excellent book. The G. W. Dillingham Co., New York.

Life in the Open: Sport with Rod, Gun, Horse and Hound in Southern California, is the title of an unusually handsome volume, whose author is Charles Frederick Holder.

The text is profusely illustrated with beautiful pictures from photographs and the entire book is one in which all classes of readers will find the satisfying combination of pleasure and profit. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

WHERE SOME GOOD ADVICE WENT WRONG

In moments of cheerful enthusiasm Austin Strong, of the Players, will tell this story:

A young actor was suddenly, during the run of a piece, cast to read a part consisting of the one line, "Solomon Isaacs is at the door." Short and terse as it was, it was rather too much for the actor, and he devoted many hours to studying it.

Meanwhile his friends determined to put something on him. The leading man of the company took the embryo aside and said to him:

"Look here, old man, if you want to put red blood into that line and say it for its full value, say it with the emphasis on the 'Solomon Isaacs.'"

Tears of gratitude welled into the boy's eyes. "Thank you, sir," said he. "I shall remember your kindness and cherish your words all my life."

The heavy man also put in a word. Said he: "The point in that line is that the man is at the door. Throw the word 'door' into the audience. There is a dramatic point in it. Don't lose it."

Also another member of the company: "A little weight on the 'is,' my boy. Get the melodramatic tenseness of it. 'Solomon Isaacs IS at the door!'"

The young actor gasped with amazement, became nervous and, confused as to the real way to read the line, on "the" night he stepped forward, dropped his jaw and, concentrating the whole line and all his instructions into one tremulous effort, he said:

"Slimonnox!"

MAN WHO KEEPS HIS TEMPER

He Is the Janitor and Thinks Himself Truly Great.

"What is it that St. Paul says," said the janitor, "that 'he that conquereth himself is greater than he that conquers a great city?' I may not have the quotation exactly right, but that's the substance of it, and I think that when St. Paul said that he must have had in mind the man who some day would rise up and show the world what self conquering really meant—the modern janitor who kept his temper.

"For if there ever was a man whose temper was tried, it is the janitor. His worries never cease and they come at him with pitchforks and unawares.

"Here's the fifth floor back shouting down that they haven't got a particle of heat and haven't had for three months. His wife is threatened with pneumonia, and all the children have got colds and it costs them more for doctor's bills than it does for rent, all because they can't get any heat. What's the matter? Has the fire gone out? Are we out of coal? Have I gone to sleep? What is the matter?

"The second floor front tells me that that leaky faucet in the kitchen has been leaking now for six weeks; trickle, trickle, trickle, running a steady stream all the time, and the gurgle of it keeps them awake nights. Can't something be done about that?

"The third floor back tells me that there's a boy in the family over them going to a military school and learning to play the drum who practices drumming on the floor hours at a time and pretty nearly drives them crazy. And what am I going to do about that?

"The fifth floor front tells me that the family over them has a dog that whines in the night, and if that dog stays in the house, why they are going to get out.

"And so it goes. If there ever was a man that stacked up hard against the heftiest of all jobs in the self conquering line, this being the job of keeping his temper, it is the modern janitor.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath. Some of these complaints or the manner in which they are made exasperate me almost beyond endurance, and I have about all I can do to keep from hollering back in the way they holler to me. But I don't; I answer gently.

"I tell the folks that are troubled about the heat that we've got a thousand pounds of steam on, plenty of coal in the cellar and I've worn out two shovels in three weeks shoveling coal into the furnace, and I don't understand it—they ought to have heat, but I'll try to get a little more up to them.

"I tell the people that are worrying over the leaky faucet that the plumber's brother died last week in California and that he has gone out to the funeral and to settle up his brother's estate—his brother was a plumber, too—but I'll get him at that faucet the minute he gets back, sure.

"The folks that are bothered by the drumming overhead I tell that the family over them is going away early this summer and I don't believe they'll be bothered much longer. And I tell the people that are disturbed by the dog that dogs are contrary to the lease and I'll see about that dog right away.

"So I pacify 'em the best way I can. I might scrap with 'em and sometimes I am sorely tempted, but I never do. I say to myself every morning when I get up: 'Now, Jan, my boy, you don't know what's coming at you today, nor what quarter it's coming from, and you want to be prepared on all sides, don't let 'em catch you off your guard.' And I double curb my temper and look to all the straps and buckles, and put on a smiling front and drop a little oil on my tongue, and give 'em a soft answer.

"One of the greatest things a man can do is to govern his temper, isn't it? And I have conquered myself in that; and if that don't make me as great as the man who conquers a great big city it ought to make me class up pretty well with a man who captures a fair sized town, anyhow."—New York Sun.

OLD FOLKS WHO KNOW HOW

can defy the ravages of time, escape the weakening of mental and bodily powers, the wrinkles, yellow and flabby skin and other infirmities that make life a burden alike to the aged and the prematurely old. Old at 40. Keep young and vigorous. How? Just by helping Nature a trifle in her own way—not by using drugs or stimulants. Write BIOPLASM CO., 100 William st., New York, and learn how.

TAKES ELEVEN MEN TO MAKE BIG SNAKE EAT.

Curator Ditmars and ten of the keepers of the Bronx Zoological Gardens had an exceedingly lively time of it yesterday when they succeeded by main force in preventing a gigantic twenty-five foot royal python from starving himself to death, says the New York American.

Since the big snake arrived at the Zoo he had obstinately refused food and was growing thin. The attendants had done everything they could to tempt him to eat. They had placed the finest chickens and rabbits before him, but he paid absolutely no attention to the food, and by reason of his evil temper was a constant menace to the keepers when they fed his two cage mates. For five months the people in the Zoo confined themselves to this method of coaxing the python to eat. His continued obstinacy, however, made it plain that the big reptile would surely starve to death if he remained without food much longer. Five months is a good while to fast, even for a python.

Yesterday the curator got his men together and they prepared a great feast. Five young rabbits were killed, and, although usually the big snakes swallow the rabbits and chickens skin, hair, feathers and all, in this case the rabbits were skinned before being given to the python. They were tied together in a long string, the head of one being fastened to the hind legs of another and so on, the entire string being fastened to the end of a ten-foot pole.

All these details finished, the keepers dragged the snake out of his den. The big reptile wriggled and fought with inconceivable agility and strength, considering the length of his fast. He succeeded in getting his tail around the leg of one of the keepers and would have crushed that member had not the other keepers succeeded in dragging him away.

At last the twenty-five feet of snake were stretched out full length upon the floor of the feeding room. Ten men, covered with perspiration and breathing hard, were holding the animal in place, while two proceeded to push the string of rabbits down the python's throat. They rammed the entire meal, enough to last the diner for a couple of months at least, the full length of the pole into the snake's stomach and then withdrew the pole. The snake, now less quarrelsome than before, was again carried into the cage, and yesterday was lying the greater part of the day curled into a tremendous coil in the top of the exercise tree, two yards of his slender body more than twice as thick as the rest of it, showing where the big dinner rested.

Her Idea of It.

The New Minister—You know Mrs. Scharley pretty well, don't you—does she do much for the poor?

Mrs. Devoutely—Oh, my, yes! why, only last week she paid out more than two hundred dollars for a dress to wear at the charity ball.—Brooklyn Life.

STEVENSONS' INHERITANCE

His Father Was a Lighthouse Builder, His Mother a Lover of Literature.

Mr. Stevenson, Louis' father, was a lighthouse builder, and belonged to a family of famous lighthouse builders. His father, Louis' grandfather, built the Bell Rock lighthouse, off the eastern coast of Scotland. How hard this was to build you can imagine when you remember that it stood on a dangerous reef, which the sea uncovered only for a few hours at low tide, so that the men had to have a special little workshop built on supports which were fixed in the rock. Then, too, as they worked on the iron foundation of the lighthouse, up would roll the sea and put out their fire. Yet Stevenson's grandfather had the determination and skill to push the work forward. He felt the grave need of a lighthouse there, for this was the dangerous reef described in "The Inchcape Rock." Off the opposite coast of Scotland, on the island of Tyree, stands another famous lighthouse which the Stevensons built. Eleven years before Louis was born, his Uncle Allan had begun work on the lighthouse of Skerryvore. For its foundation his men had to blast a hole forty feet square in the solid rock. Twice storm and sea combined defeated Mr. Stevenson's plans, and swept away the work of his faithful builders. At last, however, in 1844, the labor was completed, and the wheeling gleam of Skerryvore light shines on the ocean to this day.

We want to know all this, not only because it is interesting, but because it helps us to understand Robert Louis' life. He loved the sea and felt at home on it; and perhaps he would have learned to build lighthouses if he had not wanted so much more to build stories. His love of writing must have come from his mother's side of the family. Although Mrs. Stevenson did not write herself, she was very fond of other people's writing, especially of poetry, and she taught her son to love it, too. Besides this, her father, Louis' other grandfather, was a minister, so that he wrote sermons, although he did not write books.

From his mother's side of the family Stevenson inherited one more thing, and that was a frail body and weak lungs; so that from his very babyhood he was delicate, and when he grew older he was ordered to travel and to spend much of his time out of doors, in order to live at all.—St. Nicholas.

EVOLUTION OF THE DAHLIA

Found in Mexico, Named for Swedish Botanist, Dahl.

No one who has admired the glowing colors of the dahlia can fail to be interested in the story of the change from a most uninteresting daisy-like flower to the splendid blossom which it now is, like its near relative, the chrysanthemum, and many other "florists' flowers."

In 1784 Vincent Cervantes, director of the Botanical Garden of Mexico, sent to Cervanilles, the director of the Madrid Botanical Garden, a plant unknown to botanists. It was a tall, spindly affair, with nodding little flowers, each of which had a yellow central disk surrounded by five or six red or orange petals. Cavanilles called it dahlia, in honor of the recently deceased Swedish botanist, Dahl. But when the plant went to Germany, where the name dahlia had already been given to another plant, the Botanist Wildenow conferred upon the newcomer the name Georgina, by which name it has been universally known in Germany until within recent years. This name was given not in honor of George III of England, as has been commonly assumed, but of a Russian explorer named George. Dahlias were great rarities in Europe until Humboldt and Bonpland brought back a quantity of seed on their return from Mexico.

The facility with which the color of the flowers could be varied attracted the attention of florists and gardeners. This interest was increased in 1808, when the first double dahlia was produced. Then arose a keen rivalry in the production of new varieties of form and color among the English and German florists. Prizes amounting to hundreds of dollars were offered for the finest new sorts. In Germany as recently as the seventies three or four dollars was sometimes paid for one flower. The English florists took the lead in the development of the dahlia until about 1835, after which they were hard pressed by the Germans. In 1836 one of the latter exhibited 20 varieties, mostly of his own production.

VIRGINS' GARLANDS.

Memorials In English Church to Girls True to First Love.

There are seven "virgins' garlands" still in existence in Minsterley church, Salop, the first of them bearing the date 1554 and the last 1751.

They consist of silk ribbon and paper, ball shaped, and are covered with rosettes, the inside center of the cane or wire frame supporting a pair of paper gloves. They represent a romantic custom of very ancient origin, and are sacred to the memory of girls who, while betrothed in their youth, lost their intended husbands by death, yet remained true to their first love.

Each maiden designed her own garland, and at her death this simple emblem was borne before her by the village lasses, the white gloves being afterward added. After the obsequies these garlands were suspended in the village church on a rod bearing at its extremity a heart in the shape of an escutcheon, upon which the initials and date were inscribed. These were originally fixed above the maiden's pew.

Some of the earliest and forgotten garlands were composed of real flowers, but later the covered hoops described were substituted.

There is a passing allusion to this "simple memorial of the early dead" in Hamlet, "Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants," "crants" signifying garlands.—London Daily Graphic.

CAN YOU TWIST A BILL IN TWO?

"The paper that is used by the government in its currency is manufactured by a secret process and has characteristics with which the average man is not familiar," said Arnold Schorer, of Minneapolis, to the Milwaukee Sentinel.

"Recently I was in a small Minnesota town and witnessed an incident that demonstrates this. A well-to-do farmer living in the vicinity came into the bank to transact some business. In the course of the conversation the cashier began twisting a $5 bill. The farmer watched him with interest and finally asked the man back of the counter if he wasn't afraid of tearing the bill.

"'Here is an easy way for you to earn money,' said the cashier. 'Here is a $1,000 bill and I will give it to you if you will twist the bill in two. You are simply to twist it and not tear it.'

"The farmer seemed dumfounded at first. He seemed overawed at the thought of mutilating a $1,000 bill. Upon further assurance by the officer of the bank, he timidly took the money and started twisting it in the middle. He tugged away for some time without being able to twist the bill in two. Finally he gave up and he was certainly a surprised farmer. It is impossible to twist a bill in two, so firm and elastic is the paper used."

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The Sunday School.

SERMONS IN STORIES FROM A BOAT PULPIT.

The International Sunday School Lesson for April 29 is, "The Parable of the Sower," Mark 4:1-20. The Golden Text is, "The Seed is the Word of God." Luke 8:11.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

The art of telling stories is essential to the widest success in public speaking. A limited audience, and even a limited understanding on the part of these, is the lot of the man who cannot point his meaning with an illustration. "What ails your sermon," said one preacher to another, "is that you do not often enough say, 'like.'" The ponderous arguments of his contemporary statesmen are forgotten, while the homely stories of Lincoln, with the moral they bear, are remembered and retold. The teacher who "spake as never man spake" knew this art to perfection; and in the period of his public life which the Sunday schools are now taking up, he entered upon an era of instruction by parables.

It was a strenuous life Jesus led at this time. Wherever he went multitudes thronged him. Cities poured out their people at His feet. Crowds followed Him from village to village, and over the country roads. Often, so persistent were the throngs, He could not find time so much as to eat. Possibly it was because it was the great rabble of common people, dull of understanding, who were dogging His footsteps and who needed truth in its simplest and most tenacious form; or possibly because of the growing opposition of the Pharisees, from whom He decided to conceal His meaning, that Jesus adopted the parabolic form of speaking.

A new note of universality is manifest also in his discourses at this time. The incident which precedes the present lesson, of His mother and brethren coming to seek Him while he was busy, illustrates the situation. He made the rejoinder, after looking around on them which aroused doubt about Him, "Behold, my mother and my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother."

Stories Near at Hand.

The present typical parable is one of the simplest of those delivered by Jesus. It was spoken from a strange pulpit, although one which he had used on other occasions. In order best to be heard by the people, He took a boat and pushed out from the shore, while they gathered on the hillside by the sea. And there He addressed them, with a page of the life of Palestine unfolded before Him, from which he freely drew His illustrations.

Childhood wants its teachings in story forms. What is more, everybody likes to have the facts with which he is familiar interpreted afresh to him. The weaver does not care for illustrations drawn from the Graeco-Roman games; but he will prick up his ears when the preacher talks plainly about the work of the loom. All of us like to have the life we know used to make vivid the great truths which we are all, wittingly or unwittingly, trying to comprehend.

Jesus recognized that all of life is a parable. When we consider the marvelous application made of the simple peasant life of Galilee, we are constrained to wonder what teachings He would draw from the complex civilization of today. How electricity, and wireless telegraphy, and steam, and a modern city, with its wonderful buildings, would be made eloquent with His teachings of the higher things of the spirit. For the office of the parable is to invest the material with the spiritual meaning.

Hiding Truth by Words.

For another purpose, also, Jesus used parables. As parents at the family dinner table talk in the most stilted and difficult speech they can command, when they want to express something beyond the understanding of the children's quick ears, so Jesus freighted his parables with meaning that was plain only to the initiated. Only those who had ears to hear could hear what He had to say. Paradoxically, the purpose of the parable was either to reveal or to conceal truth.

An able British writer upon this point, Rev. A. Carr, tersely summarizes the situation thus: "The parable is suited (1) to the uninstructed, as being attractive in form and as revealing spiritual truth exactly in proportion to the capacity to the hearer and (2) to the divinely wise, as wrapping up a secret which he can penetrate by his spiritual insight. In this it resembles the Platonic Myth, which was a form in which many philosophers clothed their deepest thoughts. (3) It fulfills the condition of all true knowledge. He alone who seeks finds. In relation to nature, art, God Himself, it may be said the dull 'seeing, see not.' The commonest and most familiar things hide the greatest truths. (4) The divine Wisdom has been justified in respect to this mode of teaching. The parables have struck deep into the thought and language of men (not of Christians only), as no other teaching could have done; in proof of which it is sufficient to name such words and expressions as 'dispensation,' 'leaven,' 'prodigal son,' 'light under a bushel,' 'building on sand.'"

The Farmer's Part.

Simply, easily and naturally, this peerless Teacher led the thoughts of His hearers up from what was commonplace and everyday to what was new and eternal. Probably

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1906.

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ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

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LACE CURTAIN PREMIUMS

To Subscribers Whose Time Expires in May.

We cannot offer a more satisfactory premium for clubs this season than the lace curtains which have proved so satisfactory in connection with our club offers of the past three years. More than twenty thousand of our subscribers have had curtains from us for clubs, and they wish us to supply them again this season. The manufacturers have our orders for a largely increased number to be delivered us during eight months, beginning with September, 1905.

Each curtain is 29 inches wide by 2½ yards long, and two curtains (or one pair) are sent postpaid by mail to each person awarded on terms stated below. They are described as Number 2961. We have them all made the exact same pattern, in order that those who desire to obtain additional pairs may have them match their first award.

How to Obtain the Premium.

On the first day of each month we shall mail notice to every subscriber whose time expires during that month, giving choice of some half dozen or more propositions for renewal. All who send us a club of ten or more subscribers according to Proposition No. 3, will receive a pair of these curtains postpaid by mail. By May 1st the many subscribers expiring during May should have our propositions. Each and every one should renew under one of the propositions, and at least 1,000 of the number should send us a club, for which we are prepared to meet the award with 1,000 pairs of curtains. You will notice that just now we make this offer to May subscribers only.

Should any May subscribers fail, for any reason, to get the proposition by May third, they will please write us for a duplicate.

GORKY'S DEFENDERS.

Russian authors are much incensed over the reception accorded Maxim Gorky by the literary folk of America and have expressed their condemnation by resolution. But we do not imagine that the writers of this country will fall off the earth with chagrin nor huut up Gorky and try to square themselves. Had Gorky left his paramour in Russia and come here to engage his whole attention in the mission for which he professes so much zeal, he would have been received with open arms. No one would have inquired into his private affairs.

But when he flaunted his immoralities before the very people from whom he seeks aid and on their protest declared that it was none of their business, he was guilty of a serious affront and neither he nor his friends can expect any serious consideration. It was not what Gorky did that offended, but the manner in which he did it. There must be at least a semblance of decency in a man's conduct if he would have any standing in this country, and Gorky probably realizes it by this time. If there is any real virtue in the cause he represents, he has inflicted an injury that cannot be easily healed.

NO MORE CHINATOWN.

If the citizens of San Francisco will only resolve to make the new city better as well as greater, some good may come out of the terrible catastrophe. Plans for the rebuilding of the city contemplate an appeal to the aesthetic taste. While the old San Francisco was beautiful in many ways, its splendor was dimmed by the immoral atmosphere that pervaded many quarters. People who have traveled over the world declare that San Francisco bears the doubtful distinction of being the wickedest city in the universe.

The men on whom devolve the responsibility of creating the new San Francisco can determine in a measure its moral status. Chinatown, with all its iniquities should never be permitted to exist again. The authorities have it in their power to restrict the license of these heathen who have formed an attraction for those who like to slum and touch the seamy side of life. The old Chinatown has been wiped off the face of the earth. In that quarter the destruction was greatest. The work of the fire exposed underground passages and subteranean recesses that were hitherto unknown. Evidently the white man was allowed to observe only a small part of the mysteries that threw a glamour over the place.

The Blade is not attempting to preach a sermon to the citizens of San Francisco. The lesson of Sodom and Gomorrah is not to be invoked as a warning that history has repeated itself. But there is no reason why the beautiful metropolis of the Pacific should go back to the old ways. We know well how Chinatown gradually developed through reluctance of officials to interfere and that when the quarter got to be one of the sights of the city, actual encouragement was given because visitors began to inquire about it. But no city needs such an advertisement, and San Francisco least of all. When a city seeks notoriety rather than fame, it is on the wrong track, and Chinatown made the California metropolis notorious.

WANTS VINDICATION.

Major Rathbone, the Ohio man who, several years ago, was so prominent in Cuban affairs, is again trying to get into the limelight. It will be recalled that the dapper major was convicted in the Cuban courts of manipulating certain postal funds to his own advantage. While protesting his innocence and urging a rehearing of the case the Palma government was inaugurated and a proclamation of amnesty relieved him of punishment.

A few days ago a bill was introduced in the senate, based on Rathbone's petition, for a full investigation of the case. At the time of his conviction public opinion was divided as to the major's guilt. For years he had been prominent in the politics of Ohio and was a warm champion of the late Senator Hanna. He was considered a man of integrity and it was a shock to his personal and political friends when charges were made against him and sustained. He now demands an investigation, believing he can clear his record.

Better let the Rathbone case alone. The Cuban courts cannot be made to reopen the case. A committee of congress would probably have to make the investigation, and it is not at all certain that its conclusions would have much weight with the people. Major Rathbone is probably prepared to submit evidence to prove his innocence, but it is doubtful if anyone cares sufficiently to attempt to establish his guilt. The whole affair has been most unfortunate for the major and has cast a cloud over his life which even the findings of a congressional committee, whatever its report, cannot dissipate.

AID TO MURDERERS.

If one may judge correctly from the sentiment expressed by the Southwest Commercial club, which met in St. Louis this week, Governor Folk will not have easy sailing in his efforts to run down the leaders of the mob responsible for the Springfield lynching. This organization tabled by an almost unanimous vote a resolution denouncing the outrage and applauded the declaration of Mayor Paddock, of Fort Worth, Texas, that "more negroes should be burned." Such a situation seems incredible in a civilized community.

Governor Folk was a visitor at the convention, and was vigorous in his criticism of its attitude. He declared that, irrespective of the guilt or innocence of the wretches who were made the victims of the mob's passions, the crime was none the less deliberate murder, and should be punished as such. The rioters not only murdered human beings, but "aimed at the assassination of the state of Missouri, and assaulted the majesty of the law."

It is true that nothing short of punishment in its severest form meted out to the lynchers will have a deterrent effect on similar outrages. The result in Springfield, Ohio, where parties convicted of participation in the lynching in that city were fined a mere nominal sum, is greatly deplored for the very reason that it invites a recurrence of the crime.

Governor Folk is determined to ferret out the ringleaders of the Missouri mob, and will leave no stone unturned to accomplish his declared purpose. But he is met at the outset with the opposition of business men who would resent an imputation that they were lending aid to murderers and assassins and yet that is the effect of their obstructive influence. Had there been a miscarriage of justice, had there been well grounded fears that proved criminals would escape deserved punishment, there might have been a semblance of an excuse for the Missouri lynching, but no such conditions existed. It was a cold-blooded program to anticipate the decree of the court and forestall justice. All law abiding citizens in this country will approve Governor Folk's determination, and render him such aid as lies within their power.

PLATT AND DEPEW.

Senator Tom Platt is reported as saying that at the close of his senatorial term he will not ask for another. It is quite evident that Senator Depew will not have the temerity to seek a re-election, and New York will have the opportunity of choosing younger and more active men. The loss of Platt and Depew will not be viewed in the light of a calamity to the country. Platt never arose above the rank of politician, cannot be considered a statesman, and through his whole public career was looked upon with distrust and as representing certain corporate interests rather than the people as a whole.

Depew, while more polished, was not taken seriously. His statesmanship has not been of that order to reflect credit on himself, his state and country. His record does not show that he added glory to his commonwealth, neither are his monuments found in the laws of the country. Less of the politician than Platt, he has, like his colleague, been considered the champion of special insterests and now is in disgrace because of the developments in the insurance scandals.

The great Empire state will lose nothing by dropping both Platt and Depew and substituting for them men of affairs in whom the people of New York and of the country have a greater degree of confidence.

THE PRESIDENT'S AIM.

That part of President Roosevelt's "muck rake" speech referring to the taxation of fortunes "swollen beyond all healthy limits" has started a train of discussion and provoked a storm of criticism over what is termed "socialistic doctrine." But after all the President is seeking the solution of a problem that we all know exists and that if permitted to go unsolved threatens to involve the country in great difficulties. We have endeavored to make ourselves believe that these gross inequalities would in time adjust themselves, but no one has ventured to explain the method by which the desired result is to be attained.

There are some large fortunes honestly won. The question as to how much a man may earn legitimately in a lifetime has not been answered, and cannot be definitely answered. Nor do we believe that the President aims to put any limitation on it. But he is of the opinion that the wealth rather than the poverty should bear the brunt of the government's expenses, and his proposition is to tax it for this purpose. Except that some such remedy is applied, he sees the gradual concentration of money in the hands of a few.

But there is another phase to the situation which the President views with alarm, and it is a fear that is shared by all who have watched the current of events. The danger is not so much from the fortunes honestly made. These may, in a few isolated cases, be "swollen beyond healthy limits," yet there is not enough of them to be a menace. The evil is confined largely to those mammoth fortunes that are wrung from the people by ways that are confiscatory in their nature. The millions garnered by John D. Rockefeller through his manipulation of the Standard Oil company were not legitimately made. The millions that have been collected by the railroad magnates through the peculiar operations in Wall street were not honestly earned. It is wealth concentration of this kind against which the President would legislate.

It is said there is no recognized way by which congress can proceed against stock jobbing, because that business cannot be classified as interstate commerce. It is the "loaded dice" feature of the game that brings about the unnatural conditions complained of, and if congress cannot enact laws prohibiting the practice, then the several states should turn their attention to it. New York has taken the first step, but the object was to create a revenue not prohibitory, hence the tax imposed on stock sales is insufficient to prove corrective. If such an embargo could be placed on the business as to put a stop to fictitious transactions, it would be a difficult matter for a group of operators to manipulate the market almost at will. Under existing methods there is a constant process of "milking" the public for the benefit of the few insiders. Prices are forced up by unnatural means, and then, when the lambs have been loaded with stock at top figures, the market is depressed, investors become frightened and the manipulators reap their harvest. In time the wealth of the country is taken from the people and transferred to the pockets of the stock jobbers. Scores of millionaires have been created out of this condition, and not one of them came by their wealth honestly.

President Roosevelt, as a true patriot, would devise some plan to correct this wrong. He expects opposition. The men who have profited by this system of plunder are not to be pulled off their prey without a struggle. They regard any such attempt as an interference with their personal rights, and they are pleased to denominate it as a species of socialism and anarchy. The President does not go into detail. It is plain to be seen that he is not yet sure how best to meet the issue. He only knows that it must be met, and he would invoke the co-operation of all just men, all patriotic men in the task of evolving a more healthy condition, to the end that we may not have in this republic a very rich class and a very poor class. He would institute some sort of a leveling process that would check the present pernicious tendency, and he is not to be deterred in this by the cry of socialist raised against him. He is seeking a remedy that will prevent the other extreme, which is anarchy. And unless we speedily find that remedy, the result will be anarchy.

CUBA HEEDS THE LESSON.

Prior to the war with Spain, Havana was considered one of the filthiest cities in the world. It was so dirty and unsanitary that it was the breeder of all kinds of diseases, and the death rate was so high that the person who remained there for any considerable time took his life in his hands.

When Americans took possession a new order of things was established. There was a general cleaning up. Modern methods were employed and there was a house cleaning which extended into every nook and corner of the city. The death rate dropped, yellow fever no longer was a menace, and Havana was transformed into a healthy, sanitary city.

It is such a town today and has become a model for other municipalities of Cuba. They are now bringing their civic affairs up to modern standards, abating nuisances, cleaning streets, adopting strict sanitary measures and instituting a better police service. The government of Cuba is not only keeping step with this progress, but is leading in these reforms and has appropriated $250,000 to be used by the towns for sanitary improvements.

It was an effective lesson which Americans taught the inhabitants of the fair island near our southern shores.

AN OPINION THAT MEANS MUCH.

Some judges say that the decision of the United States supreme court in the Haddock divorce case upsets the social status of the country, that it makes marriages heretofore considered legal, bigamous and attacks the legitimacy of thousands of children. Others equally profound in the law say that the decision has no other effect than to amplify the application of the existing laws, and that no confusion can result.

But the latter view is scarcely reconcilable with the court's opinion. This opinion is in brief that no court can grant a valid divorce unless the defendant is personally within its jurisdiction or unless the offense for which the divorce is granted was committed within the jurisdiction of the court. Just what per cent of the divorces granted is excluded by this interpretation of the law, it is difficult to say, but it must be a considerable part. Every decree granted to persons who have established a new residence for the purpose of securing a divorce, and where service has been made by publication only is rendered invalid.

In the case before the court, the husband left his home in New York and took up his residence in Connecticut, and the wife remained behind. Later a court in the later state granted the man a divorce on the ground of desertion, service being by publication. He returned inadvertently to New York and was served with a summons to answer in a civil action for separation and maintenance. The court gave judgment for plaintiff maintaining that she had never been within the jurisdiction of the Connecticut court and therefore the decree was not binding on her. This decision the supreme court upheld. Here we have this apparently anomalous situation. In the eyes of the New York law, the husband is a bigamist and the first wife retains all her dower rights to his property. In the eyes of the Conecticut court he has but one wife, the one he married after obtaining his decree, and she and the issue of the second marriage have all the rights to property which the Connecticut law recognizes. No one can gainsay that confusion worse confounded must result from such a clashing of law.

It may be as the more optimistic judges seem to think that most of these marriages will not be contested, but one can hardly share in this optimism. If it were merely a question of social relations there would be less likelihood that the court would be invoked to attack them, but in nine cases out of ten there is a pecuniary interest involved and this will prove the incentive for action under the supreme court's opinion. Children born after the second marriage will be the chief sufferers, both socially and financially.

But even with the hardships which this mandate of the highest tribunal in the land will inflict, the decision cannot be regarded other than as tending to promote morality. The marriage tie will be more than a contract lightly made and easily broken. The courts that have granted divorces on the slightest pretext and without consideration of the real merits will find their business materially curtailed. It will on longer be the proper thing to go to South Dakota for the purpose of obtaining a divorce. The differences between man and wife must be fought out in common and in a court that will have cognizance of all the facts. In the end the wheels of the divorce mills will be forced to slow down after a mad whirl of many years. Nothing that has transpired recently, not all the denunciations of the practice by pulpit and press can exert the influence against divorce that must result from this opinion of the supreme court.

THE NATION'S RESPONSE.

One touch of nature and the whole world is kin.

The horror of the San Francisco disaster has called forth the best impulses and thought of the nation and the entire world unites in substantial sympathy and expressions of sorrow.

A catastrophe of appalling horror has awakened the nation from its strifes and childish bickerings for wealth and power and brought us humbly to realize how frail are our powers and how helpless to prevent such a crisis. The dynamite and artillery that leveled alike the homes of the humble and the powerful brought all to realize that we are one people, with like impulses, like pain and sorrow. The barrier between rich and poor is dispelled as by magic. The people see only suffering humanity and reach out to lift up the stricken city.

The spontaneous action over the country comes as a thrill of pride that we have such people. In the valley of the shadow of death we are of a common level, all fashioned out of the same clay but within us is that spark of divinity that leads us to rise to any crisis and meet the touch of nature with brave and sympathetic hearts. With anguish keen and sorrow almost unspeakable the nation makes quick response and in broken accents asks: "What will Thou have me to do?"

"God bless the American people! God help San Francisco!"

THE NEW SAN FRANCISCO.

Standing out amid the ruins and smoke of San Francisco with all the attendant horrors of that holocaust, are the sublime faith and courage of her citizens. Even before they have had time to recover from the first shock of the calamity that has befallen them, before they can take stock of their tremendous losses, they have begun to plan for the new San Francisco, and it requires no vision of a prophet to foresee a larger and a more beautiful city than the one that nature has laid low.

Self-confidence is one of the greatest assets of the American citizen. Floods may carry away all his earthly possessions, fire may wipe out his property and destroy his home, earthquakes may suddenly transform him from a prince to a pauper, and yet the stout heart within him never quails. He knows his capabilities and disaster spurs him to make the best use of them. Citizens of Chicago demonstrated their courage after the great fire of 1872, and laid the foundation for the greater Chicago before the flames had been conquered. The business men of Boston were no less brave and energetic. It is only a brief period since the very heart of Baltimore was eaten up by the fiery element and yet visitors to that city are astonished at the progress made in reconstruction. The tidal wave that swept over Galveston had scarce subsided before plans had ben matured for the new Galveston. All this is the marvel of the old world, where the blood runs slower and the faculties seem more incapable of recovering from misfortune.

And we are to witness a repetition of this power of revitalizatnon in San Francisco. There is no thought of abandoning the site because it lies in the earthquake zone. It is still home to these people and they would cling to it. Plans are already maturing for a better San Francisco .Scientific builders are being consulted with a view to making the new structures more capable of withstanding the earth's convulsions. Steel skyscrapers with outside walls securely anchored will take the place of the mammoth structures that succumbed to the flames, and the best thought of the world wil lbe drawn on to insure for the new city the greatest possible measure of safety. With the exhibition of enterprise already given by the wealthy residents of San Francisco, it is not too much to predict that they will establish a top record in the way of commercial recuperation.

ELIMINATING PETTY GRAFT.

In response to public sentiment the house committee has stricken from the agricultural appropriation bill the item providing for the free distribution of garden seeds. Seventy-five years ago congress appropriated $1,000 for the purchase and distribution among farmers of "rare and valuable" seeds. The purpose was to encourage the tillers of the soil to raise the standard of the crops and was a laudable one.

Since that time the appropriation has steadily increased until now it amounts to $300,000. Instead of having the original purpose in view, the custom has degenerated into a political one whereby congressmen can increase their pull in their respective districts. Tons of common seeds are distributed and the only effect is to let the farmers know that their representatives in congress are expecting their votes. From a real benefit to the agricultural interests, the custom has fallen into a species of graft.

That the farmers no longer appreciate the government's liberality is evidenced by the scores of letters received by congressmen condemning the practice and urging that it be stopped. One of Chairman Washburn's constituents writes him as follows:

Through your courtesy, I am once more in receipt of a packet of seeds from our Uncle Sam's garden. Might I ask you to see the dear old gentleman and tell him that, while appreciating his great kindness, I think he had better go out of this seed distributing business and use the money it costs in some other way. I hope your honorable body, by refusing to make an appropriation, will do away with the miserable practice of giving away seeds at the public expense. Be assured that you will have the hearty approval of all sensible citizens.

It remains for the house to demonstrate that it can rise above petty politics and eliminate this inexcusable graft. Even as a political lever, the appropriation is of doubtful benefit judging from the manner in which the recipients of the favors regard them.

A BIG BUSINESS.

The agricultural exports for the fiscal year ending the last of June, 1906, will establish a new record. If the pace set for the first eight months is maintained the billion dollar mark will be passed for the first time in the country's history. There is a great gain in all three branches of agricultural shipments—cotton, provisions and breadstuffs.

And yet, while the agricultural exports are greater than ever before, the increase is a smaller percentage of our total exports than in any year in history, with probably one exception. This means that our other exports have increased at a surprising rate, especially manufactories. Your Uncle Samuel is transacting an enormous business with the other nations of the world.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Don't be in a hurry to feed your flannels to the moths.

This is a big country, with a big heart and a big pocketbook.

King Victor Emmanuel is sixty-two inches tall, but is said to be every inch a king.

Come to think of it, it would not be much of a compliment to this country to have Maxim Gorky like it.

Mayor Schmitz, of San Francisco, has proved himself to be the right sort of man in the right place at a critical time.

There appears to be a determination on the part of 1906 to live up to the predictions of the prophets of disaster.

There is good reason to believe that South Dakota's divorce crop has been seriously blighted by the supreme court frost.

A Berlin scientist says married men become bald much more rapidly than single men. Draw your own conclusions.

A Norway, Me., dog has just passed his 30th birthday. He is one dog who seems to have had more than his share of days.

In time of great disaster men of great wealth have great opportunities to show that they are worth having in the country.

Mr. Rockefeller has been looking up his ancestors, and has found most of them fit to be the forefathers of a multimillionaire.

In advocating an inheritance tax it is not to be inferred that President Roosevelt had the new Rockefeller baby especially in mind.

The immigration question would not be serious if those who find fault with this country when they get here would pack up and go back.

The London newspapers are reporting the critical illness of the Sultan of Turkey. Killing the sultan is a London newspaper specialty.

Mr. Bryan is thinking of returning in September. He may be afraid that the country will become accustomed to the habit of getting along without him.

San Francisco may be rebuilt and again happy long before the scientists reach an agreement as to the cause of the earthquake which destroyed the city.

San Francisco is already talking about rebuilding. She has the site, the climate and the necessary courage with which to begin the erection of another beautiful city.

It would be severe punishment if all the people who hold South Dakota divorce certificates would have to reside permanently in that state to make them legal.

Should Mr. Grover Cleveland say the things President Roosevelt says, and in the Cleveland style of phraseology, what a study it would be to find out what he meant.

"Love is the offspring of Godlike abundance," says a London doctor. We don't exactly grasp the doctor's meaning, but it looks better than to explain love by the germ theory.

Uncle Joe Cannon has given the Oklahoma boomers assurance that their territory will be admitted to the Union. This leaves nothing to be done except to complete the formalities.

The woman who invented the modern corset is dead at the age of 93. She lived long enough to prove that her invention was not the deadly device some people would have us believe.

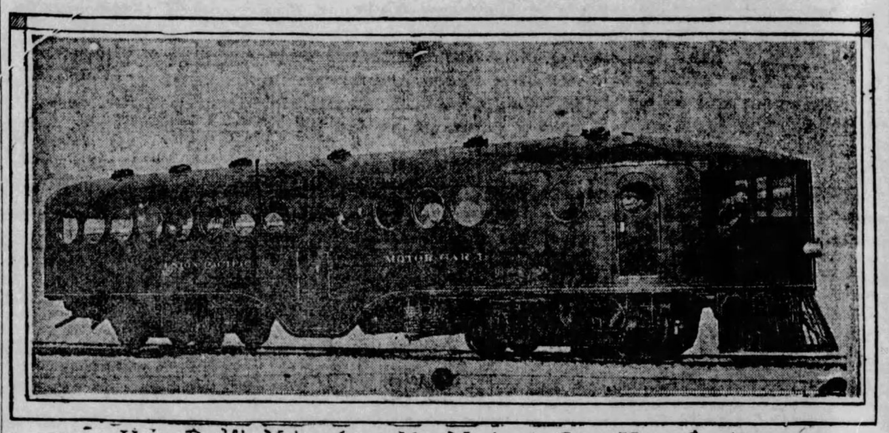
Prof. Totten predicts the appearance of a comet which is likely to do great damage. The professor has selected a good time to make his prophecy, if his object is to frighten nervous people and children.

Senator Clark does not agree with the President in regard to the dangers of great wealth. The senator recognizes the convenience of money when it comes to being elected from Montana while residing in New York.

Since a London doctor has declared that bald-headed men are seldom found among lunatics and criminals, perhaps you will worry less about that little bare spot that is slowly but surely making its appearance on top of your head.

With Heart and Hand.

New Gasoline Motor Built to Climb Western Grades



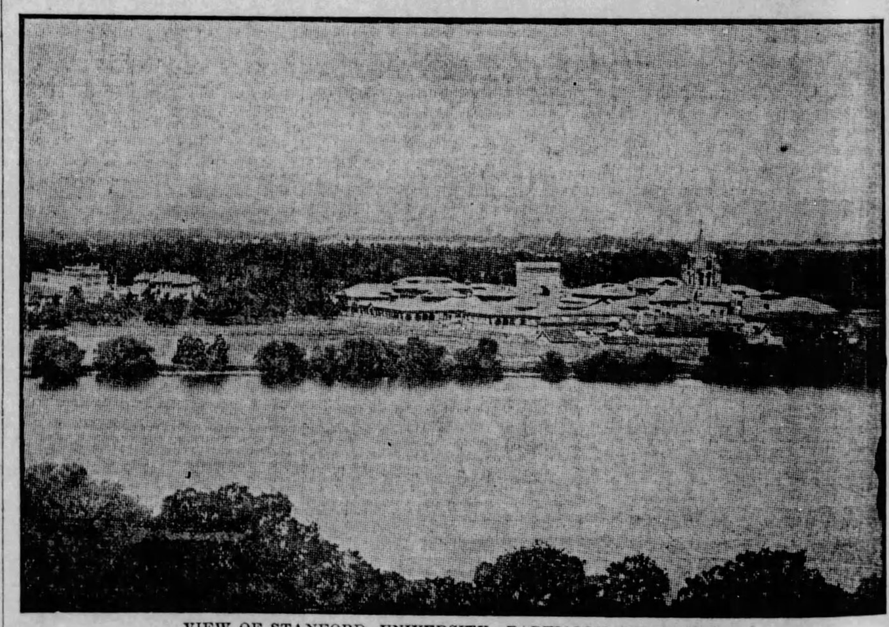
Union Pacific Motor (gasoline)-Latest Car -New System

Omaha, Neb., April 21.—The Union Pacific railroad has just turned out a new type of gasoline motor which is an improvement on the old type in several ways, the most noticeable being the "porthole" windows and the most serviceable being the new gearing, which specially prepares the car for climbing grades. The entrance to the new car is on the side instead of the end, as in former cars. The windows are air, water and dust proof, and, in connection with the new ventilating system, are said to be perfect.

Vibration and noise of the engine are largely eliminated, and the mechanism of the car worked splendidly on the trial run, when a speed of forty miles an hour was sustained for half an hour.

Union Pacific officials say the experiments, which are not yet completed, will show this type of car to be the most perfect in existence.

PRESIDENT JORDAN, OF STANFORD, ISSUES STATEMENT.



VIEW OF STANFORD UNIVERSITY, PARTIALLY DESTROYED.

Sacramento, Cal., April 20.—The following signed statement furnished to the Associated Press by President Jordan, of Leland Stanford Junior University, was received last night:

"The earthquake did great damage to the buildings of Stanford University. Only two lives were lost, one a student named J. A. Hanna, of Bradford, Pa., and a fireman, Hans Stroh. Eight students were injured, none seriously.

"The buildings wrecked are the Memorial church, the new library, the gymnasium, the memorial arch and the power house. Many buildings of the outer quadrangle were seriously damaged as well as some of the shops. The chemistry building, Encona hall and the inner quadrangle, are practically uninjured. The damage will approximate $4,000,000. The books, collections and apparatus are not greatly damaged."

This message, together with 400 private messages from the university community, are sent from Sacramento, as all telegraphic communication to Palo Alto and all around the bay is out of commission.

President Jordan, in an address to the students after the shock, asked them to remain at Stanford and help clear the debris. He thinks the university will be rebuilt as soon as possible. Though he was recently tendered the presidency of an eastern university, he will remain with Stanford. He said that the university did not depend entirely upon its buildings.

Many Volcanic Eruptions and Earthquakes Recently

New York, April 20.—Since the terrible eruption of Mount Pelee four years ago, when thousands of persons were buried in the rain of fiery ashes, volcanic disturbances and earthquakes have followed close on one another. These disturbances have increased in their intensity during the past few months, and hundreds of lives have been lost because of them in various parts of the world.

Although the eruption of Vesuvius and the present catastrophe in San Francisco stand foremost in the minds of the people, there have been numerous other catastrophies of a similar nature in other parts of the globe. Few countries have been spared. There appears to be a mysterious connection between the volcanic disturbances, for they crop up about the same time, although in widely separated localities.

On the afternoon of February 18 last a violent earthquake shock frightened the inhabitants of the island of Martinique into a panic again. It sent bricks and mortar from the chimneys of houses tumbling into the street and came as a grim reminder of that terrible calamity which took place in St. Pierre less than four years ago. The Savane, or market place, at Fort de France was crowded by those seeking escape from the danger of cracking walls, and at the same time there was a hurried hegira of others, who fled to hills and mountains, fearful of the perils of a tidal wave.

Since that day there have been half a hundred slight shocks and Martinique's population is in a most nervous frame of mind.

Three villages on the island of Savaii, of the Samoan group, were completely destroyed by a volcanic eruption on the island during the first week in March last. Women and children were removed from the danger zone on the steamship Maori, which was chartered by the government for that purpose.

One week later an earthquake wiped out an entire village on the Island of Formosa, killing one thousand persons and injuring nearly six thousand more. The destroyed village was Kagi. Survivors of the disaster suffered severely from exposure and lack of medical attendance. Doctors from all parts of the island were rushed to the scene by the government.

Outside of Kagi railroad tracks were torn up, telegraph poles were thrown down and the country for miles around was devastated. The earthquake was one of the worst that has ever visited the island.

In the same week more than twenty earthquake shocks were reported on the Island of Ustica, off the coast of Sicily. Houses were destroyed and a great valley was formed in the center of the island. The natives were panic stricken and many fled from the island in boats to Sicily.

THOUGHTS ON OLD AGE

Every Man Makes His Own Dead Line.

As long as the heart is young and the thought is youthful, old age cannot touch you.

It is foolish to fix an age at which men become carparatively useless. Some men are young at 70, others are old at 35.

One of the worst delusions that ever crept into a middle-aged man's mind is the conviction that he has done his best work, that he is growing old and must soon give place to younger men.

Every man makes his own dead line, says O. S. Marden in the Success Magazine. Some reach it at 35, some at 40, some at 50; some do not reach it at 80; some never reach it, because they never cease to grow.

Look around the world today and see what some of the men who have long passed the "dead line" are doing, and what they have accomplished. Look at the young old military leaders in the little Japan who conquered great Russia. Oyama was 20 years past this fatal line when he won his great victories, and all of his corps commanders were past 50. The Marquis Ito, the Grand Old Man of Japan, her greatest statesman, and the one who has done more than any other to make Japan what it is today is still active in the service of his country.

Not Altogether.

The motor car accosted the horse. "Get off the pavement," it said. "I am going to supplant you entirely."

"Neigh, neigh," responded the steed, with a horse laugh; "they can't make corned beef and cabbage out of you."—Birmingham (England) Post.

WATCHES WATCHES WATCHES

No gift is so much appreciated by boys and young men as a handsome and reliable watch. We have just purchased a limited number of very fine, 12-size Watches. The 12-size is the smallest men's watch made, and is the favorite size for boys and young men. In fact, it is the popular size for every one who wants a small, thin watch. We are going to offer these watches to our readers at a very low price.

DESCRIPTION.

CASE—Twenty-year, gold-filled, open face, screw back and bevel plain; engine turned and engraved.

MOVEMENT—Seven-jeweled Elgin or Waltham.

PRICE—Our price to Blade readers is only.....$8.50

This watch cannot be purchased at any retail store for less than $12 to $15. Get your orders in early.

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

THE ILLINOIS

CASE, Fahy's 20-year, Hunting, 18 size; movement Illinois Watch Co.; 18 size, 17 jeweled.....$14

OPEN FACE.....$12.00

This is a Watch Bargain.

The Illinois Watch Co.'s movements are standard, and this statement is verified by the fact that the Railroads are adopting their movements for the use of their employees.

If you remit $1.00 to guarantee express charges, we will send this Watch C. O. D. for balance, with privilege of examining and holding same five days.

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

SPECIAL A

17 Jewels. 20-Year Case.

We offer our readers for the holiday season the best watch offer ever made. The case is a 20-year, 18 size, gold-filled, hunting, plain engine turned or engraved, fitted with a 17-jeweled Elgin or Waltham movement—

Our price is, Hunting case.....$13.00
Our price is, Open Face.....$11.00

Get your orders in early, as we can only get a limited number of these watches.

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

SPECIAL B

This is a 16 size 20-year, plain, engine turned or engraved hunting case, fitted with a 15-jeweled Walton or Elgin movement. Our price.....$13.75

Or the same movement in a 16 size open-face, nickel silver case.....$9.50

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

FOR THE LADIES AND GIRLS

The O size is now the popular watch for ladies and girls. It is small enough to be worn as a Chatelaine, and is generally worn that way.

The case is 20-year, gold filled, Hunting, plain, engine turned, or engraved, and is fitted with a 7-jeweled Elgin or Waltham movement—

Our price is only.....$11.75

If you wish to give your wife, daughter or sister a handsome Xmas present, give her one of these watches.

Get your order in early.

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

Elegant Gold Filled Chains

We are prepared to furnish our readers any kind of a watch chain either for ladies or gentlemen. Send for our illustrated price list.

Address all orders—

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

Cut Paper Patterns

These patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. In ordering, address your letter, "Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio." Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Please do NOT send stamps. Inclose a silver dime wrapped in tissue paper. Once more, do NOT send stamps. They stick together, and it is difficult to dispose of them, unless at a discount.

Write very plainly the NUMBER and the NAME of each pattern, as it appears under the cut, and also the BUST MEASURE you wish.

BE SURE to give both the number and the name of the pattern, and the bust measure also.

Address as follows, including price of pattern ordered: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Notice that the price, 10 cents, is for a SINGLE pattern. Many of these show TWO patterns in an illustration. In such cases, either will be sent on receipt of 10 cents, coin, or both on receipt of two silver dimes.

LACES — Fine Imported German, French and English Laces. Send for circular showing design and giving

4016—A Dear Little Gown for a Dear Little Mite.

The sweet simplicity which pervades this little gown renders it most attractive for the little one's wear. Nothing is more absurd than the ornate in children's clothes and the sensible mother will avoid anything which detracts from the charms of the gloriously youthful. This little dress is suitable to development in fine lawn, nainsook or batiste and infinitely more

dainty if made by hand. This does not mean a vast amount of labor for tiny garments are small undertakings. One need not understand dressmaking to fashion this for there is no fitting necessary and the pattern gives implicit directions. A tiny pointed yoke of sheer embroidery joined to the dress by veining has a narrow edging of embroidery or lace about the neck. The small wristband is finished with the same as its only adornment. A deep hem may be hemstitched or hemmed and prove a neat finish. For the medium size 2¾ yards of 36-inch material are necessary.

4016—Sizes 1 to 6 years.

6464—A Pretty Yoke Effect.

Shirt waists are of two kinds, the

dainty lingerie one which has developed into the most exquisite even-ing waist that is possible to imagine, and the plain, distinctly tailor-made waist with plain buttons, plain tucks and plain sleeves. Each is a relief from the other and each fills its distinct place in the apparelins of womankind. Mistress Fashion does not allow us to have a surfeit of one mode, and so each new shirtwaist design shows some new touch, a novel yoke, sleeve or arrangement of tucks. The model shown is a new model in the lightest chiffon broadcloth. The fanciful yoke is stitched down neatly over the tucks and gives the shoulder a broad, full look, vastly becoming.

The collars worn with waists of this kind are the smartest things possible to imagine. They are the plain turn-down collar with scalloped edges or with hemstitched blocks in the corners. Many tailored stocks are very chic while the stiff linen collar and string tie are neatest of all.

As to materials, plaids are paramount while there is a French henrietta of softest quality, which, with a new weave of albatross, are popular for waists of solid color. The design is equally appropriate to washing fabrics. In the medium size 2¾ yards of 36-inch material are needed.

6464—Sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

6407—A New Apron Design.

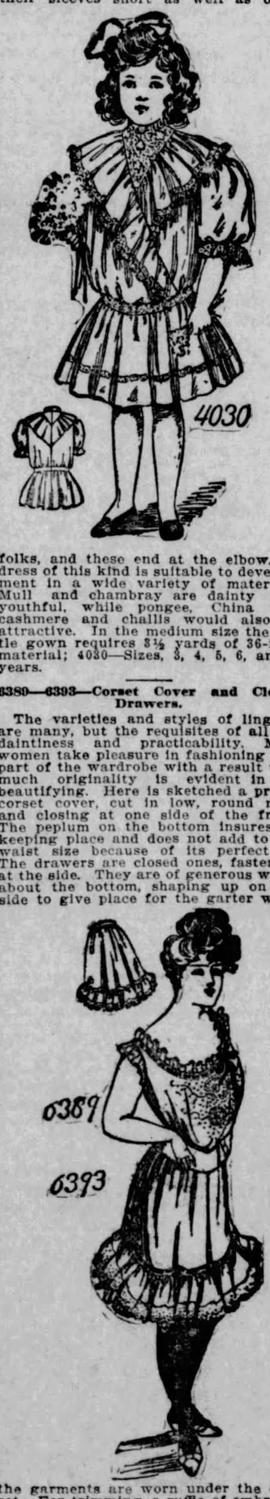
Even so unimportant a garment as an apron needs to be according to the fashion and is appreciated if seen in a new guise now and then. The one

shown may be used as a waitress' or nurse's apron as well as for sewing or darning. The design is made very practical by means of the pockets which appear at the sides and which are spacious enough for sewing utensils or other articles. These are ornamental as well as useful as they complete the design of the bib in the skirt. A lawn, percale, muslin or other apron material may be used here and the plain trimming bands may be utilized as suggested in the drawing or not as desired. In the medium size 2¾ yards of 36-inch material are needed.

6407—Sizes, small, medium and large.

4030—A Pretty Afternoon Frock.

A charming little gown for Miss Simplicity is made in surplice fashion with deep pointed yoke of embroidery. The round full blouse is joined to the simple skirt by a waistband of embroidery, the same adorning the skirt above the hem, while an edging to match finishes the ruffle about the yoke, surplice front and sleeves. Little girls are having their sleeves short as well as older



folks, and these end at the elbow. A dress of this kind is suitable to development in a wide variety of materials. Mull and chambray are dainty and youthful, while pongee, China silk cashmere and challis would also be attractive. In the medium size the little gown requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material; 4030—Sizes, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 8 years.

6389—6393—Corset Cover and Closed Drawers.

The varieties and styles of lingerie are many, but the requisites of all are daintiness and practicability. Most women take pleasure in fashioning this part of the wardrobe with a result that much originality is evident in the beautifying. Here is sketched a pretty corset cover, cut in low, round neck and closing at one side of the front. The peplum on the bottom insures its keeping place and does not add to the waist size because of its perfect fit. The drawers are closed ones, fastening at the side. They are of generous width about the bottom, shaping up on the side to give place for the garter when

the garments are worn under the corset. For trimming, a ruffle of embroidery or the tucked material will prove an effective finish, while the beading and ribbon finished in bows are always attractive. Nainsook, lawn, and longcloth are the best materials for these garments. In the medium size, 1⅞ yards are needed for the corset cover and 2⅛ yards for the drawers.

Two patterns: 6389—Sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure. 6393—Sizes, 20 to 36 inches waist. The price of these patterns is 20c, but either will be sent upon receipt of 10c.

4021—A Late Model for a Small Girl.

Mothers who fashion their small daughter's frocks are often at a loss as to how to make the next one. A new idea is introduced of late in the use of plaids as trimming for plain materials. The combination is seen in women's gowns, too, but most appropriately in frocks for the young girl. Here is a neat little dress of plain brown with revers, collar, cuffs, belt and skirt trimming of the clan plaid. The front crosses in surplice fashion and fastens at the belt with a pretty button. The skirt is a straight gathered one joined to the waist by a narrow belt. The dress is

one especially appropriate for school wear or "second best." It has no frills nor furbelows to become quickly worn and yet is of excellent style. In the medium size 4 yards of 36-inch material are needed to develop the pattern.

4021—Sizes, 6 to 12 years.

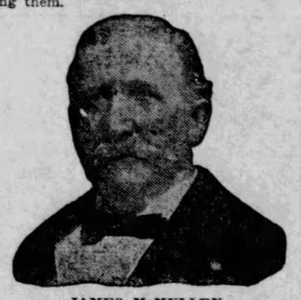
Home Cancer Cure

Cure Yourself at Home with the New Cancer Discovery in 10 to 20 Days.

Mailed Free to All, How To Do it Without Trouble, Without Risk.

Fill Out Free Coupon Below Today.

My discovery has startled the medical world. I have cured hundreds of the most horrifying cases in from 10 to 20 days, after celebrated physicians and surgeons had given up all hope of saving them.



JAMES McMULLEN

Prominent Grand Army Man of Lebanon, O., With Lip Almost Destroyed by Cancer, Has it Cured in Ten Days Without a Scar by the Dr. Curry Cancer Cure.

There is a certain cure for you. Cancer is your death warrant unless you cure it at once. Don't trifle with it. It grows every day. Your life is at stake. With the great Dr. Curry Cancer Cure you cure yourself at home privately and quickly. You may save your life, if you send me your name and address on the coupon below.

I have one of the finest sanitariums in the country for those who wish to come and have my personal attention. However, you can cure yourself just as well at home. I gladly refer you to any bank or business firm in Lebanon.

FREE CANCER COUPON.

If you suffer from cancer in any form, simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail today to Dr. G. M. Curry, 1458 Curry building, Lebanon, O. You will be surprised how easily you can cure yourself at home without risk or danger.

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HOBSON IS THE VICTOR

Wins Out in Primary Election in Alabama.

Montgomery, Ala., April 24.—At 12:30 a. m. all returns from the Democratic primary election in the sixth Alabama congressional district indicate the

nomination of Captain R. P. Hobson, of Merrimac fame, over John H. Bankhead, the present representative. As a nomination is equal to an election here, Hobson is sure of a seat.

AMERICANS CONDEMNED

Russian Authors Amazed at Treatment of Gorky.

St. Petersburg, April 23.—Twenty-five Russian authors, headed by M. Cherekoff, author of the drama, The Jews, and M. Kuprin, author of The Duel, published a resolution coudemning Americans for their treatment of Maxim Gorky.

"The American authors represented by Mark Twain," the resolution said, "have offended Russian authors in the person of Maxim Gorky, and Russian womanhood in the person of Mme. Andreiva, by interfering with their private affairs. We, Russian authors, are amazed at such disregard of the principles of privacy recognized by every civilized country, and hereby express our deep indignation."

MORE DEATHS REPORTED

Investigation of Kearsage Explosion Has Begun.

Washington, April 18.—Rear Admiral Evans, commanding the Atlantic fleet, has arrived at Guanatanamo, Cuba, on his flagship Maine, and has cabled the navy department that he has appointed a court martial of inquiry, consisting of Rear Admiral Brownson, commanding the armored cruiser division of the fleet Captain Ingersoll, of the cruiser Maryland and Lieutenant Commander Bradshaw, of the Kentucky, to investigate the accident on the Kearsarge last Friday. Lieutenant Commander Harrison, the inspector of rifle practice, will act as judge advocate of the court.

It is believed at the department that only a short time will be consumed in the inquiry in view of the fact that all of the necessary witnesses are at hand.

Two more deaths have been reported to the navy department as the result of the explosion on the battleship Kearsarge last Friday.

A cablegram was received from the commander-in-chief of the United States Atlantic fleet stating that Frederick Thomas Fisher, chief gunner's mate, died Sunday night, April 15, and that James S. McArdle, electrician, first class, died April 16th.

ROOSEVELT IS DISGUSTED

Says Packer's Trial Was Miscarriage of Justice.

Washington, April 18.—In a special message delivered to congress today President Roosevelt declares that the result of the recent trial of the "beef packers" in Chicago was a "miscarriage" of justice, and that the interpretation placed by Judge Humphrey on the will of congress is such as to make that will absolutely abortive.

The message, which is most sensational in character, is based largely on a letter to the President from Attorney General Moody in which the attorney general reviews the proceedings of the case of the government against the beef packers.

The President says it is clear that no criticism attaches to Commissioner Garfield as what he did was in pursuance of a duty imposed on him by congress. He refers sharply, however, to the decision of Judge Humphrey, saying that congress could not have foreseen such a decision, and that he can hardly believe that the ruling of Judge Humphrey will be followed by other judges. He declares that such interpretation of the law as that placed on it by Judge Humphrey, "comes measurably near making the law a farce," and he recommends that congress pass a declaratory act stating its real intention.

The President also requests congress to confer upon the government by statute the same right of appeal in criminal cases which the defendant now enjoys where the merits of the case have not been determined.

NEGRO LABOR AT CANAL

Secretary Taft Scores Wallace Before Committee.

Washington, April 19.—Secretary Taft continued his testimony before the senate committee on interoceanic canals, discussing among other subjects the relations of Wm. Nelson Cromwell in canal matters, and the circumstances leading to the severance of former Chief Engineer John Findlay Wallace from the canal enterprise.

Concerning Mr. Cromwell, the secretary said the impression sought to be given that the New York lawyer had attempted to interfere in canal matters or to exercise great influence in controling the policies to be pursued was wholly unfounded. Regarding Mr. Wallace, several letters never made public, which passed between the secretary and Governor Magoon were submitted in support of the secretary's charge that Mr. Wallace deserted the government when "a crisis was at hand," and that his leaving "might have meant disaster." Secretary Taft said tropical negro labor would be relied upon in building the canal, although he expressed a willingness to try Chinese if it could be done within the law. The canal ought to be built by contract, the secretary said, but if bids were opened now the result would be much higher prices because of the large element of risk due to lack of knowledge which would enter into the fixing of every bid.

DON'T OVERLOOK CHINKS

Roosevelt So Informs Secretary Taft.

Washington, April 23.—It is the desire of President Roosevelt that the work of the Red Cross in alleviating the distress in San Francisco, shall be done wholly without regard to the person, and just as much for the Chinese as for any others. In a letter to Secretary Taft today he made this point plain. The text of the letter follows:

"Whitehouse, Washington, April 23.

"Secretary of War:

"Sir: According to the newspaper reports the suffering and destitution are particularly great among the Chinese. I need hardly say that the Red Cross work must be done wholly without regard to persons, and just as much for Chinese as for any others. Please wire Dr. Devine at once to see that this is done. Will it not be well also to wire to General Funston to the same effect. I know nothing of the matter beyond what appears in the daily press.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

NICK MAY NOT GO ABROAD

Congressman Must Stay and Fight for Re-Election.

Washington, April 21.—Representative Longworth's trip abroad, originally fixed to begin on June 2, may be postponed. There are two contingencies which may operate to prevent his beginning a continuation of his wedding trip then. The first and most important is that Mr. Longworth's political fences in Cincinnati are in poor repair. With the downfall of George B. Cox at the last election Mr. Longworth's strongest supporter was put out. There are many members of the old Cox machine who, now that the boss is down and out, will go to the convention and vote on an independent basis. These old supporters of Cox will, it is said, fight Longworth's renomination. Mr. Longworth does not want to be beaten either for the nomination or the election. He will leave here on May 2 to look over his political affairs in Ohio.

Another contingency which may prevent his leaving for a trip abroad on June 2 is the fact that congress will not have adjourned by that time.

WORKMEN WILL BE PAID.

San Francisco, April 24.—Mayor Schmitz issued a proclamtaion announcing that all persons regularly employed in the work of clearing and renovating the city would be paid.

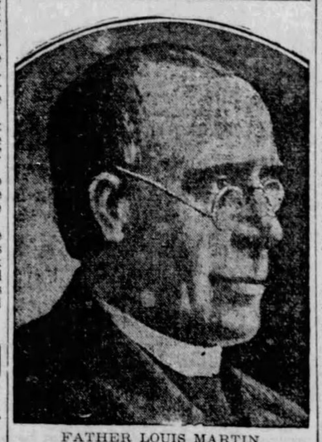
Chief of Police Dinan has issued an order to police captains instructing them, in view of the carelessness of persons granted the privilege of carrying firearms, to make all persons discontinue carrying weapons, as they are unnecessary.

FATHER MARTIN DEAD

General of Jesuits Passes Away in Rome.

Rome, April 18.—Father Louis Martin, general of the Jesuits, known as the Black Pope, died today. He had been suffering from a cancer of the chest.

Father Martin was an invalid for many years past, but since April, 1905,



FATHER LOUIS MARTIN.

when his right arm was amputated for cancerous growth, he was confined to his bed almost continually.

CASTRO TO VISIT U. S.

Venezuelan President Wants to Be Educated.

New York, April 20.—Cipriano Castro, president of the republic of Venezuela, is coming to America, when secret diplomatic negotiations with Washington are completed as to his being received in his official capacity. Should this reception be denied he will come as a private citizen. He still is president, although he has turned over the functions of the government to Vice President Gomez.

The authority for this statement is William S. Crandall, who is largely interested as a capitalist in mineral lands in the South American republic.

"President Castro," he said, "has a two-fold object in visiting this country. He never has been outside of Venezuela. All the knowledge he possesses of other nations has been acquired from books and from personal contact with foreigners in Venezuela. He wants, in the first place, to convince the people of America that he is not the swashbuckler and semi-savage he has been painted; that he knows the rights of Venezuela and will maintain them. With that purpose in view he seeks the official recognition of the government at Washington. President Castro is eager to study our ways and so to educate himself that on his return he may put into operation improvements for the betterment of the people and so strengthen himself with them politically."

HAS NO MARTIAL LAW

'Frisco Never Has Been So Controlled.

San Francisco, April 24.—San Francisco is not under martial law, and has not been during the present disaster. There has been a general misunderstanding among the troops themselves. The report that Mayor Schmitz is at the head of all patrolling, and is merely assisted by the troops has been officially confirmed. The officers of the army have stated that they are working subject to any restraining order from the mayor.

Almost all of the stories of rash violence on the part of the troops are flimsy rumors. During the patrolling many of the troops admitted to newspaper men, who made the rounds among them, that they did not know what their orders were or where they came from. It appeared all were using their own judgment.

The state militia all said that they were under the orders of the state militia commanders, but whether they are working in pursuance of orders or not they failed to recognize city passes, thereby causing much confusion and inconvenience to those who were engaged in relief work. The regular troops are working in accord with instructions from the mayor's office. Consequently, they have been the salvation of the San Francisco patrol system.

INSURANCE BILL IS SAFE

Republicans of New York to Pass Reform Measure.

Albany, N. Y., April 20.—A protracted caucus of the Republican senators last night made a party measure of the so-called "Big Bill" generally amending the insurance law, and embodying the most important recommendations of the special legislative committee. On one important amendment the caucus left its members free to vote independently, but twenty Republican senators, a majority of the senate, pledged themselves to its support. This action apparently guarantees the passage of the bill, probably today.

The amendment will be substituted for that successfully advocated yesterday by Senator White, of Syracuse. Senator Armstrong, chairman of the investigating committee, said after the caucus that it was satisfactory to him. It involves the abandonment of the essential point for which Senators Grady and White most urgently contended, in that it retains the provision of the original bill, giving access to the lists of policyholders five months before the annual elections of mutual life insurance companies organized under the law of this state.

CADET SHIP FOUNDERED

Thirty-five Belgian Officers and Cadets Are Drowned.

London, April 24.—The Count De Smet Naeyer, a cadet sailing ship used by the Belgian government, for training officers for the government service, foundered in the Bay of Biscay, April 18, with a loss of thirty-five lives, including the captain and the officer commanding the cadets.

The cadets included the sons of many prominent Belgians.

Twenty-six survivors of the wreck were rescued by the French bark Dunkerque.

THOUSANDS STARVING

Philippine Towns Swept by Fire.

Manila, April 21.—Fire has swept the town of Mariquina, in Rizel province.

Many thousands of persons are homeless and starving.

Two thousand dwellings are in ruins. The government is rushing assistance to the sufferers.

Fire also destroyed Pasil, near the town of Cebu. Two hundred dwellings were burned and many persons are homeless.

BRIDGE TRUST TRICKS

Adams and Meek Tell of Sharp Practices.

Columbus, O., April 24.—Attorney General Ellis, with the aid of the Dever law, got into the meat of the bridge trust matter in short order during two hours spent Monday afternoon, taking depositions in that matter. Three witnesses talked right out as to what they knew about the operations of the combination and what they knew was plenty.

John T. Adams, of Findlay, for some time traveling representative of the Adams Brothers company, engaged in making structural iron work and for a time doing bridge construction in a small way ,told how he innocently fell into the plan already in operation by the members of the pool when he got into the business; how twice—once at Paulding and at Napoleon, he was induced by them to withdraw from the real competition he had intended in bridge lettings and to put in bids prepared for him by the pool—for a consideration.

This was interesting, but not half so much so as what was told by the gentleman who succeeded him on the stand—also connected with the Adams Brothers company at Findlay — G. W. Meek, the secretary-treasurer of the company. Mr. Meek was able not only to tell about the operations of the trust, but to furnish absolute evidence of it in the form of canceled checks that had been used in the distribution of the pool profits. He first produced a sheet that he said was the distribution or dividend sheet used by the pool on a certain bridge job, showing the firms that were in on it and the amount that was paid to each one.

Then he clinched all this by presenting the canceled vouchers by which the distribution had been made, each bearing endorsements showing that the face amount had gone to and been received by the company for which it was intended. Then, as if more evidence were necessary, he produced the receipts of some of the members of the pool. Not all had been so business like as to send them. One of them closed with "Merry Christmas" and a smile ran around the room as this was read off.

The third witness had a different but none the less interesting story to tell. He was John H. Clark, prosecuting attorney of Marion county. He had heard of the operation of the bridge pool and was curious to see how it operated. So when the commissioners of his county advertised for a bridge letting last June he kept his eyes open. The commissioners were a little too quick for him on the first trial, however, and when he dropped in to watch the operation he found that they had let the contract. He had no trouble in finding a legal flaw in the operation, however, and had it set aside. On the second call for bids he was on time and was rewarded by catching the whole ten or twelve representatives of the bridge pool companies in the auditor's office fixing up their straw bids. He was unknown to them and so his appearance among them did not cause any alarm.

He had taken the precaution, however to open communication with an independent bridge company represented by R. E. French, of Medina, and French had agreed to put in a bid on condition that Clarke would furnish a man to carry it to the county commissioners' office. He did so and by arrangement it was dropped in at the last minute. Clarke kept his own counsel and the commissioners did not know what he was doing. They asked the prosecutor to open the bids and read them. He did so, holding back the French bid to the last. There was consternation among the bidders when the independent bid was read. "Where is French?" they asked in concert. French soon appeared, walking in from his room in a nearby hotel where he had kept himself close.

"I move we adjourn for dinner," said one commissioner and the motion was carried. A soon as they had met again after dinner it developed that they did not like the plans of the independent company and were on the point of letting the contract to the Marion Bridge company, a local concern, for $10,800, while the independent bid proposed to do it for a little more than $5,000. The prosecutor informed them that he would enjoin them if they did. They then rejected all the bids and called for others. On this bidding the contract was let to the Marion Bridge company, but at a figure not much more than half it had offered to do it for on the second bidding. Mr. Clark was unable to get a bid for Mr. French this time for the reason thta he reported that the United States Steel company had put the price of sructural iron up ten per cent. Inquiry brought out the fact that Mr. French has quit the bridge business and significantly gone into the employment of the United States Steel company.

GUARDIAN FINDS WARDS

Two Brothers, Parted by Disaster, Meet Again.

Akron, April 21.—The search of one brother for another, after a separation of fifteen years on account of the Johnstown flood, ended in this city yesterday, when Frederick R. Cowden received a letter from his guardian, F. C. Williams, of Altoona, Pa.

At the same time Williams' search for Cowden ended, as he was appointed Cowden's guardian fifteen years ago. In the letter that Cowden received here he was notified that he had fallen heir to $3,800, $2,000 of which was left him on account of the death of his parents in the Johnstown flood, the remainder being interest accumulated since then by the investments of the guardian. The other brother, Paul Adrian Cowden, who was found six years ago, was left an equal amount, but received it a year ago.

The story of the double search of one brother for another, and of the guardian for both brothers; of the separation of the two brothers in their miraculous escape from the waters at Johnstown, and of the discovery by the guardian of his wards after all these years, reads like a tale from the strangest fiction.

Frederick S. Cowden, now twenty-nine years old, traveled through thirty-five states, and visited Manchester, Eng., in the search for his brother, but not until today, when he received a letter from his guardian, did he learn that Paul Adrian Cowden, the brother, is in Indianapolis, and had been discovered by the same guardian six years ago. The latter brother is twenty-two years old.

The older brother escaped the Johnstown flood by going four miles into the country to fish on the day of the disaster. His father and mother and brother were caught in the flood, but the younger brother escaped. His escape was one of the miracles of the flood.

GAPON IS IMPRISONED

Ex-Priest Fell Into Hands of Those of Holy Synod.

St. Petersburg, April 24.—Friends of Father Gapon claim to have information that the ex-priest has fallen, not into the hands of the revolutionists, but into those of the holy synod, which condemned him for forsaking the priestly orders, to indefinite imprisonment in one of the many gloomy monasteries used by the church as prisons.

The most famous of these is the monastery of Solovietz, on an island in White lake, in the far north, where the metropolitan Philip was imprisoned and killed in the sixteenth century. There have been many other cases of men being immured and disappearing forever.

Father Gapon's common law wife, it is alleged, petitioned the synod to name his prison and for mitigation of the sentence.

DOWIE IS VERY ANGRY

Denounces Charges of Piper—Will Go to Zion City Saturday

Chicago, April 24.—John Alexander Dowie was more angry yesterday over the charges made against him Sunday by Overseer W. H. Piper than over any of the other accusations thus far made. He denounced as "absolute lies" the statements of Piper that he had embezzled the funds collected for the Kischineff sufferers and the survivors of the Martinique disaster.

Through his attorney, E. C. Wetten, the "first apostle" issued a statement that the amount collected for the Kischineff sufferers was $450, and that to this he personally added $550, and sent the $1,000 to the proper relief committee. As to the Martinique fund, for which he collected $490, he declares that being unable to find any committee or other person authorized to receive it, he expended the money for French Bibles and New Testaments and had them distributed moug the inhabitants of the islands.

Dowie's plans are now to go to Zion City on Saturday and hold services there on Sunday.

EVANS PRAISES HIS MEN

Admiral Issues Order on the Kearsarge Disaster.

New York, April 20.—A cable despatch from Caimanera, Cuba, says:

Rear Admiral Evans, the commander-in-chief of the Atlantic fleet, has issued this general order:

"The commander-in-chief regrets to have to inform the fleet of a deplorable accident which occurred on board the Kearsarge on the afternoon of Friday, April 13, 1906, on the target grounds off Cape Cruz, Cuba, as a result of which two officers and seven men lost their lives and five other men were seriously burned while unloading the left 13-inch gun, which had been left loaded at the end of a run over the target range.

"Three sections of the powder charge which had been laid on the turret floor were accidentally ignited by molten metal caused by a short circuit in the cut-off switch of the circuit for supplying current to the electric rammer. Full investigation and report will be made by a court of inquiry, now sitting, and the facts ascertainable indicate that every detail relating to the way in which the accident occurred will be known.

"The commander-in-chief extends to the captain, officers and men of the Kearsarge his sympathy with the loss of life and injuries sustained on board that ship. The circumstances immediately following the disaster, however, gave such an exhibition of discipline, self-sacrifice and heroic conduct that one must be proud of belonging to a service which furnishes such officers and such men."

PLOT TO KILL LOUBET

Bomb, With Burning Fuse, Found on Villa's Windowsill.

Paris, April 24.—A dispatch to the Journal from Montelimar, department of the Drome, today, says that the authorities there found a bomb, to which a burning fuse was attached on the window sill of the library of former President Loubet's villa, where he and his family are spending their Easter vacation.

The fuse was extinguished and an examination of the bomb, it is added, showed it to be of an extremely deadly nature.

ASHES STILL FALLING

People Who Had Returned Forced to Leave Home.

Naples, April 19.—Volcanic ashes are again falling at Santa Anastisa, Summa and Gercola in such quantity that the inhabitants who had returned to their homes have been obliged to leave again.

A strong wind, becoming almost a tornado, prevented the departure of the British squadron which has been anchored in the bay of Naples.

The inhabitants of Ottajano, in spite of advice to the contrary, have decided to rebuild the village on its old site.

FINED FOR REBATING

C., B. & Q. Must Pay $40,000 and Officials $20,000.

Chicago, April 20.—The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad, Darius Miller and Claude G. Burnham, officials of the road, were found guilty today in the federal court, of granting rebates in violation of law. The railroad corporation was fined $40,000 and the two officials $10,000 each.

REVOLUTIONISTS DISARMED

Evidence of Plot for Uprising in Panama.

Panama, April 20.—The members of the Panama canal commission arrived here yesterday. Policemen who had been sent by Secretary of War Guardia to San Carlos returned to Panama this morning, bringing fifteen rifles and four thousand rounds of ammunition, which, according to an official version, were found stored in a house in San Carlos. It is rumored that similar stores of arms exist in other towns in the republic and the government as a measure of protection, has decreed the seizure of all arms found in the possession of suspicious or irresponsible persons.

A BUSY WOMAN

Can Do the Work of 3 or 4 If Well Fed.

An energetic young woman living just outside of N. Y., writes:

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THE WEEK IN CONGRESS.

Washington, April 19.—Senate.—The senate today passed a joint resolution appropriating $1,000,000 for the relief of the people of California, and an emergency bill carrying $4,000 to pay the expenses of bringing home the bodies of the Kearsarge victims. Mr. Bailey made an explanation of the proceedings of yesterday's Democratic caucus and Mr. La Follette delivered the first half of an exhaustive speech on the rate bill. Mr. Tillman and Mr. Hopkins had another spirited encounter concerning the Walsh bank failure in Chicago, which was ended by the presiding officer.

House.—The house voted the appropriation of $1,000,000 for the sufferers in San Francisco and other ruined California cities and gave the secretaries of war, navy, treasury and commerce power to co-operate with the authorities of the stricken cities. Mr. Williams, the minority leader, gave notice that there would be no more legislation except under the rules of the house or a special rule until the conferees of the statehood bill had made a report. Several speeches were made on the tariff.

Washington, April 20.—Senate.—In the senate today Mr. La Follette continued, but did not conclude his speech on the rate bill. The appropriation for the San Francisco sufferers was made available for the purchase of medical supplies and steps were taken toward replacing the public buildings by calling on the secretary of the treasury to prepare an estimate of the cost of new structures.

House.—A serious altercation between General Grosvenor, of Ohio, and Frank Clark, of Florida, was narrowly averted in the house through the diplomacy of Mr. Williams, who had their language stricken from the records. Before the trouble had been smoothed over, however, Mr. Clark made a threat of personal violence against Mr. Grosvenor. Sixty-five pages of the District of Columbia appropriation bill were considered, and the national quarantine bill was sent to conference.

Washington, April 21.—Senate.—In the senate today Mr. Perkins, of California, made acknowledgment of the cablegram from the vice president of the Brazilian senate, expressing the sympathy of that body for the sufferers in California. He also acknowledged the debt of gratitude due the government of the United States, the people of the different states and cities and the railroads for the generous aid granted. On his motion the Vice President was instructed to express the senate's appreciation. The remainder of the day was devoted to eulogies on the life of the late Senator Orville H. Platt, of Connecticut.

House.—In the house a joint resolution making an additional appropriation of $1,000,000 for the relief of the California sufferers was adopted. The District of Columbia bill was passed, as was another measure providing for the transportation of dutiable merchandise without appraisement. The message of the President citing the necessity of an additional appropriation for the California quake victims was laid before the house. It was decided to hold no session on Tuesday, so that the members may attend the interment of the body of John Paul Jones at Annapolis Tomorrow eulogies will be pronounced on the lives of George A. Castor and George R. Patterson, late representatives from Pennsylvania.

Washington, April 23.—Senate.—The senate today increased to $1,500,000 the second appropriation of funds for the San Francisco sufferers. Mr. La Follette concluded his three-day speech on the rate bill, which is one of the longest addresses in recent years in the senate. The following bills were passed: Providing for the organization of a dental corps in the army; permitting the building of dams across the north and south branches of Rock river in Rock Island county, Illinois. The conference report on the bill providing for the election of a delegate in congress from Alaska was adopted. Consideration of the Indian appropriation bill was resumed, but without concluding the senate went into executive session.

House.—The house concurred in the senate amendment to the joint resolution appropriating $1,500,000 for the relief of the California sufferers and spent the rest of the day in discussing legislation affecting the District of Colum

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

JENNINGS

EMILY S. BOUTON, EDITOR

Keynotes of Harmony

WEDNESDAY.

Think twice before you speak once about the motives which lie back of your neighbor's surprising action.

THURSDAY.

When you are not sure of the meaning of what you hear, be tolerant in your thought of what the speaker intended to convey. Give him credit for meaning the best.

FRIDAY.

When you are through sizing up the other fellow it is a good plan to step back from yourself and see how you look.

SATURDAY.

The right of judgment belongs to—you know whom. No man knows another man's heart, so how can he judge?

SUNDAY.

O, brother! may we help the fallen still tho' they never pay us; and may we lend without exacting the usury of gratitude."

MONDAY.

Never doubt a friend. One would better be trustful of ninety-nine friends who are false, than doubtful of one who is true.

TUESDAY.

Don't forget that you must have the angel's spirit before you can do the angel's work. If you would do good you must be good.

Trouble and Wrong That Come From "Just S'posin'."

EMILY S. BOUTON

Passing along the street the other day my attention was attracted to a group of children who had just come from the school building close at hand. Four or five little girls from six to eight years old were walking huddled together, the attention of all being directed to one in the center who was crying bitterly. Wondering what could have so moved this little one to such sorrow upon a beautiful day of sunshine and gladness, I drew near and heard her sobbingly exclaim:

"I thought she meant it. She didn't exactly say those words, but I 'most know that was just what she wanted me to think."

"But you had no business to tell that she said something when she didn't," remarked the one next to her judicially. "My mother says that is the worst kind of lying, to s'pose somebody means something bad by what they say, and then tell that they said it. Now you can see what trouble you've made by just s'posin'."

My way took me beyond their voices, but I went on meditating upon the truth to which that little child had given utterance in her efforts to make her companion understand that she had done someone a wrong by "just s'posin.'" I thought how often older ones commit the same sin by thinking they see aright into the mind of others, discerning there their motives of speech or action. Giving utterance later on to the judgment thus formed, a false impression is often conveyed, and a great injustice done. When we bring the matter home to ourselves, the most of us will be sure to find that we are sometimes guilty of this wrong, because we failed to put ourselves in another's place, and could not measure the force of temperament, circumstances and environment. In other words we are guilty of "s'posin'."

I have wondered whether there is, in this world, a possibility of one human being knowing another so well as to preclude any danger of false judgment.

Personally, I do not believe there can be in our present stage of evolution.

We are all of us many sided. This is true of the simple, as well as the subtle soul. Each one is touched more or less to certain issues by given influences. Only so far as we can enter into and understand what is the secret of the power of these influences over an individual, can we "know" him and read the keynote of his actions.

It comes to this—the most skillful reader of human nature may find himself at some time deceived as to the motive lying back of a vital decision made by one with whose life he is most familiar. This is because he has, after all, failed to be at one with the inner spirit of his friend, to have felt with him the stress and strain and struggle that come, in some measure, to every human being.

What I mean may be better understood by this illustration from the Grail, the little journal edited by John Milton Scott:

To know Shakespeare, the man, is more than to know the chronology of his years, the incidents of his life, the environment under which his life went on. This is superficial. Nor is it to know when this play or that was written. Nor whether his law is of one learned in that branch of his allusions; nor whether he was a reliable historian; or a trained sailor; or in medical lore perfect. Who studies these might be called a Shakesperean scholar, but he would only have a speaking acquaintance with the general player. He does not know the man. . . He has not been mightily moved by his tenderness and truth. His soul is as the grapes hidden under the leaves. The passer by, because he sees the leaves and talks about them, . . has not grape lore, knows not . . how its pale juices purple and its wine inspires and nourishes.

This is only another way of expressing the truth that it is necessary to enter into the inner life of the man or the woman in order to be able to understand the springs of their conduct and to judge of them wisely. It is only possible to do this in rare cases, for we see little but the outer garment of the soul, and its fashioning. How, then, may we be able to judge fairly of the real individual and learn to know him as he is?

We do not, and yet we go on carelessly giving our own coloring to what we only see, and that most frequently with distorted vision. And then, when we ourselves come within the range of just such vision, and our hearts are wrung by what it thought it saw in us, we wonder at its injustice and cruelty.

The careless way in which we judge of people much before the public, was illustrated but now by a paragraph or two which I read concerning the life of the emperor of Germany, of whom we are apt to think only as a man stern and unyielding, whose whole thought and ruling motive is ambition, self-glorification through the glorifying of his country. Yet there is another side to his character which he daily makes evident, if we but observe its signs, and that is his devotion to his wife and his love for his family. The morning breakfast hour he spends alone with the empress, then, a little later, he leaves his work—which is always insistent—and rides with her to some distant forest. "Here in the quiet of the trees the royal couple walk for a half hour or so, and in these hours of intimate communion with his wife the emperor draws strength and buoyancy for the whole day."

Judged only by his outward acts that come to us through the medium of both friends and enemies, without knowledge of underlying motives, and few would dream of the strength of his affections and how large a part of his life they form.

I do not know of a man for whom I have come to feel such an intense pity as the Czar of Russia. He is almost universally despised as weak and cowardly, vacillating, unsteady, and yet withal a determined tyrant. There is another side to this picture. We are told by those who ought to know that he would gladly have been spared the duties and responsibilites of his most difficult position, to live a more quiet and studious life, but as he and Russia looked at it, this oculd not be. He was compelled to assume the purple with all it involved, to meet the accompanying difficulties and dangers. The world believes him unequal to the task, and cruelly criticises him for the lack of qualities essential to meet successfully this tremendous national emergency. Yet who knows what underlies his outward expression? Who knows the mainsprings of his actions? He is honest, sincere, conscientious and kindly, it is acknowledged. Why not give him credit for the good, instead of condemning him utterly for the lack which he cannot help?

We need more charity, more loving kindness, a greater willingness to see the best, instead of a possible or even a probable worst. Since there is always something hidden in the nature of those who are our closest friends, often in the dear ones our own family, why do we not believe it to be true of all people, and that what may be wrong in their words and action, seems so because we do not know and cannot understand from what they spring?

The Cozy Corner

PLEASE EXPLAIN.

I have never before written to The Blade, though I have been an interested reader for some time, and I have been looking anxiously for the promised papers on physical culture, and now they have been given. I find that the exercises I most need, I cannot understand.

Will the writer of those papers please explain how one can "stand erect, hands on the hips, thumbs in front and swing the body entirely around twenty times" or even one time?

Also what is meant by swinging the arms in a circle?—M. W.

THE BETTER WAY.

Dear Cozy Corner friends, I am sending you a verse or two that has been of the greatest help to me, hoping it may prove so to some other troubled woman:

"Wouldst thou see a face that's smiling
Next to thine?
Then with holiness and kindness
Must thou shine.
He that's next is but thy glass
To reflect the clouds that pass."

"Do not let small things afflict thee
Look again.
What if skies some day are blotted
By the rain?
In some sky the sun doth shine
Let it ever brighten thine."

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

I have just gone through a little domestic tragedy, and while it is not of course the most cheerful kind of reading, I thought it might be of use to someone who had the same thing to do, and dreaded doing it. We had a dog; just a common yellow cur, whose only beauty lay in his big brown eyes. When anyone looked into them, even a stranger would say, forgetting his shabby coat: "What a handsome dog."

He was the kindest creature in the world by day, a most excellent and courageous watch dog at night, never allowing a tramp or suspicious person on the place after dark.

We had him many years, and as he grew old one of his eyes developed a soreness of some kind, a sort of abscess which pained him terribly and in discharging gave out a bad odor. It did not heal, and after a long discussion we decided that the kindest thing to do was to chloroform him. But who was to do it?

I would not trust a stranger for fear he would be handled roughly, and our men folks flatly declined the task, so it fell to me. One morning, when the dog lay before the dining room grate, I sat down beside him and pulled his head up on my lap. He liked that, and when I threw my apron over him, he did not object; so there I sat, scratching his ear, as he loved to have us do, with one hand, and pressing a sponge full of chloroform to his nose with the other.

In a little while he began to snore, and then with a heart like lead I lifted him (and it was all I could do, for he was a big fellow,) and carried him out to his bed in the laundry. Then I put the freshly saturted sponge under his nose and covered him closely with a piece of carpet. He died easily I know, but it will be a long time before I can think of my part in his death without crying like a baby.—Mary F. B.

"WHY DO THE HEATHEN RAGE!"

The above quotation evidently indicates that "raging" is a heathenish practice, and quite inconsistent with civilization. Rage disqualifies a man for any purpose that requires the exercise of judgment, and unfits him from deciding any question of importance. It lacks the impress of civilization, and any habit or practice that is so lacking is of heathenish origin, no matter how cultured in other ways the person or nation indulging it may be.

Heathenish practices are not confined altogether to the illiterate. A people may be well advanced in science or literature, or both, and yet indulge in vicious habits to an extent that is degrading and demoralizing, and cannot be regarded as within the bounds of civility.

Civilization carries with it moral development. It is vain to boast of our Republican government, unless we practice its teachings. A free people should be represeinted by their laws, and yet we find in high places practices that are repugnant to civility, although we claim to outrank many nations in intelligence; such practices are to be deplored by all whose aim is to advancec in moral integrity.

The people should uphold the principles of their government. Righteous restriction is not burdensome to a righteous people. The clamoring and murmuring among the disloyal element frequently becomes a menace to those who love good and wholesome legislation, and makes obedience to law a burden, while the law itself is liberal and equitable, doing justice alike to all.

Truly has the wise man said: "It is the desire of man to cease from strife, but every fool will be meddling."

One would infer from their course, that their only hope of notoriety was in creating discord and contention, in order that they might be able to participate therein.—Milton.

Rubber heels on the shoes spare the housekeeper may jolts and jars of the spine, as she goes about her daily duties upstairs and down. They also prevent scratches and marks on polished and painted floors, and do away with the noise that is so annoying to a nervous person.

SEVERAL SALADS.

Potato Salad.

Boil six medium-sized potatoes until done, but not soft enough to fall to pieces. When cold, slice in thin slices and place in a bowl a layer of potato, one of raw onion sliced and cut in small dice, a sprinkling of chopped celery and seasoning of salt, using for this quantity of potato, one small onion and a cupful of the chopped celery. Pour over a mayonnaise, mixing it thoroughly with the vegetables and serve cold.

Russian Salad.

Chop in small pieces cold boiled potatoes, beets, turnips, a small raw onion and a cupful of celery. Mix well with a dressing made of vinegar, salt pepper and mustard and serve with rye bread sandwiches.

Waldorf Salad.

Peel and chop coarsely, tart apples; mix with an equal quantity of English walnut meats and half the quantity of chopped celery. Pour over this, stirring it with a fork until it is thoroughly mixed, a cupful of cream mayonnaise; set away to become very cold and serve with wafers.

Ham and Potato Salad.

Mince cold boiled ham very fine and mix with cold boiled potatoes, allowing twice as much ham as potato. Arrange in layers in the dish in which it is to be served, sprinkling each layer with seasoning to taste. Pour over all a French dressing made with the addition of a teaspoonful of mustard. Garnish with hard boiled eggs cut in shapes and celery tips.

"The Mother of the Salvation Army"

Outside of England little possibly is known of the personality of Mrs. Booth, the wife of the founder of the Salvation Army. In a recent volume on General Booth, called "The Prophet of the Poor," by Thomas F. G. Contes, she is described as "a woman who was one of the most brilliant in intellect and saintly in character that distinguished the Victorian era." Her fearlessness, candor and power to master a situation are illustrated in the account of her success in Scotland, where her first audience was composed of people instinctively opposed to women preachers. Yet at the last, the writer of this book records, "the simple words of this admirable woman made them shout and sob and sing in a manner no previous preacher in Scotland had known." Her success with all classes of the English seems to have been no less pronounced. Her fearlessness and cutting sarcasm seem to have fascinated the upper classes as well as the lower. The writer, describing her work at Brighton, says:

MRS. BOOTH.
"The Mother of the Salvation Army."

"One curious feature of the meetings continued to be the attendance of fashionable, well dressed people. Yet Mrs. Booth especially made constant attacks upon the habits of those classes. She declared that they lived idle and often vicious lives, that they were wasting their time, money and health on luxury and lust. She denounced their habits in fierce and exaggerated language. She lashed 'society'—especially 'fast society'—with the Corellian vehemence to which it became accustomed in later days; and the curious thing was that 'society' seemed to like the lashings, for they came again and again to hear and many became stanch friends of the crusaders of the slums."

The first audience she encountered at Brighton was composed of fashionable, well-to-do people, entirely new to her and at the opposite pole from the audiences she had addressed at Whitechapel. We quote her own account of what followed:

"When I commenced the prayer meeting, for which I should think quite nine hundred must have remained, Satan said to me, as I came down from the platform, according to my usual custom: 'You will never ask such people as these to come out and kneel down here. You will only make a fool of yourself if you do!' I felt stunned for the moment, but I answerd: 'Yes, I shall. I shall not make it easier for them than for the others. If they do not sufficiently realize their sins to be willing to come and kneel down here and confess them, they are not likely to be of much use in the Kingdom of God.' Ten or twelve came forward, some of them handsomely dressed and evidently belonging to the most fashionable circles. The way was led by two old gentlemen of seventy or more years of age. Others followed, until there was a goodly row of kneeling penitents. This was a great triumph in the midst of so many curious onlookers."

A JAPANESE WOMAN AT HOME

The Japanese woman is today the talk of all the continents and the gossip of both hemispheres, says Augusta Prescott in the March number of Health Culture. The question about her is: "How does she do it?"

She is always in perfect spirits. She will laugh at a look. She is always healthy—indeed, she pays a doctor to keep her well. When she is ill she stops paying him. He is paid not when she is sick, but when she is in health. He gets so much every day she is well. From the minute she takes to her bed until she is able to be out again, he gets nothing at all. This is the way the doctors are paid by the Japanese woman.

She is always busy; she never sits down with her hands idly folded. She is a model housekeeper; her home is the very pink of neatness, a model of shining perfection. She is always exercising in some way. Though petite, she is never still, and as for laziness, there is surely no such word in her vocabulary.

The Japanese woman attributes her buoyant spirits largely to the fact that she is supported. No Jap woman ever worries about her livelihood, her food and drink, nor the wherewithal for her clothing. The men of the family look out for this matter, and no Japanese gentleman would allow his sister to do hard work nor anything for which she did not seem to be peculiarly fitted.

The Japanese woman who wants to earn a little may paint or she may decorate, or she may string beads or embroider a kimono. But she cannot get out and hustle. This would not be permitted. The Japanese woman returns the compliment by treating her friends very well. The Japanese girl waits upon her brother and she absolutely serves her father. When he enters the room she stands; she goes and gets the tea tray; she places it at his feet; she brings his smoking apparatus and she places before him his favorite pot of plants. She makes herself necessary to his home. She is so nice, so agreeable, so absolutely accommodating to the men of her family that she is rewarded by the adoration of all who dwell in her house. No Japanese man ever complains that his wife or daughters, or any of the other women of his household, are at fault. They are always smiling and in the best of spirits. As for dress, well, in matters of dress the Japanese women excel.

The first principle of her dress is "buy the best." By buying the best she means buy the most expensive. A Japanese woman never shops for bargains. She does not believe in them. She purchases very expensive materials, and, when she buys, she says: "Show me your most expensive."

Her second dress principle is that all things be bought to last. True, they may go out of style a little, for Japanese styles change from decade to decade. But, on the other hand, the materials do not change and can always be made over.

Her clothes are all a pleasure to her. She has nothing cheap, nothing shoddy, nothing that is not the finest that can be bought. And that is one reason why she is always so cheerful.

The Japanese woman's wardrobe includes silks that belonged to her grandmother, and she has magnificent kimonos by the dozen. She could bring them out to you and show them until your head reeled with the colors, and she could show you velvet tea gowns until you cried to bring no more. As for sashes, she has those that her mother owned, sashes that her grandparents had and sashes which she herself bought. Yet she always wants one more. She is insatiable on the sash question. And as for shoes—well, she is just as bad on shoes. She must have just one more pair, and she generally gets them, for the Japanese men glory in the wardrobes of their women.

The Japanese woman never gets fat. If she allows herself to put on adipose tissue she would very soon outgrow her clothing. Then she would have to cut up, piece out the goods, let out and patch and twist until she made the gown fit her. And, of course, it would be ruined.

The Japanese woman, while she buys the best and buys to last, is extravagant. She is always buying new. Her linings wear out, and there is always some natural wear and tear which is associated with all clothing. This keeps her busy buying. And, beside, she aims to constantly add something to her big wardrobe for posterity.

But she doesn't get fat. That is a thing she keeps well in hand. Her figure at fifty is like her figure at thirty. She would not allow herself to get squat. Her smile would soon "come off" if she were to find herself losing her figure.

The Japanese woman diets.

She takes care of her complexion.

She walks in the air every day, both for health and for exercise. And she works in her home.

Her meals are all picturesque ones. She prepares the dishes according to their color. She never throws her food upon the table, and she has a way of making everything handsome. She uses the brightly colored foods, the peppers, the brilliant hued fishes and all the greens. She makes her dishes decorative. That is the way she works when she works in the kitchen.

Her hygienic doctrines are these:

The stomach refuses that which it did not crave.

The stomach will cast forth anything not agreeable to it.

The eye is a guide to that which the stomach needs; if food looks good it is apt to taste good. If it does not look good there is no use in eating it. The stomach does not want it, and it will do no good to the body.

She believe that the sight of good food makes the gastric juices flow and aids digestion. She believes that good food, cooked so that it smells good, will make the mouth water. And so the gastric juices enter the stomach. Working along this line, her food is cooked in the most elegant way. No dirty kitchen and ill-smelling grease for her. She cooks in splendid oils and she buys the most expensive ingredients. Cooking butter and eggs for omelets only would have very small attraction for her. She supplies her kitchen with better material than she puts in the parlor.

She keeps plants around her. They seem to keep her in good complexion. After dinner a Japanese family will sit down around a handsome pot of plants as one would sit down to hear some fine music, and the aesthetic result is the same. The food digests better and the complexion does not get mottled from indigestion.

The Japanese woman is a dainty little thing about her hands and her skin generally.

She always carries a parasol to keep off the sun.

In the house she always carries a fan; this is to keep her cool should the day be hot or the room too warm; or it is to ward off a ray of light that may strike her in her face and make her blink.

She is intensely vain and will not be seen unless her hair is done up properly. Nobody ever sees her unless her hair is shining and her coiffure perfect. She has a wonderful pompadour roll, hollow and open at both ends and upon this she rolls her hair. Hair dressing takes up hours and hours of her time.

INSTEAD OF GOSSIPING THE JAPANESE LADIES AMUSE THEMSELVES THUS.

Good to Remember.

Before buying a rug from one of the itinerant merchants who call at your door, examine it carefully. Hold it up to a strong light and if there are places where the threads are broken, or any worn or defective spots in the rug, they will be visible, though they may not show while the rug is on the floor, or displayed over the dealer's arm, against the dark background of his coat. If a rug is offered at an unusually low price it is generally sure to be defective in some way.

Tan gloves which are streaked from use, or inferior cleaning, can be greatly improved in appearance by the application of a little vaseline while the gloves are on the hands.

The rib from an old umbrella, sharpened at the end opposite the eyelet, will make an excellent needle with which to tie a mattress when it is to be refilled, or to fasten in place the tufts of leather which occasionally come loose.

A strong tea made of Quassia chips in water, if used as a hair wash, will destroy all vermin and their eggs. Parents who send their children to the public schools often find the need of some remedy for this trouble, for no matter how careful children may be, it is sometimes impossible to avoid "catching them" from a seat mate.

Do not set plates and other china dishes on the range, or in the oven to heat; use instead a pan of hot water in which the dishes may be dipped for an instant and then wiped with a dry towel. They will be warm enough and run no danger of "crazing," as they frequently do when exposed to dry heat.

In frying cakes, if one-fourth of beef suet to three-fourths of lard is used, the danger of the cakes soaking fat will be greatly lessened.

In the fruit season, which will soon be here, it is well to know that if peach, or other fruit stains, are washed out in clear, cold water before the articles are washed with soap and warm water, there will be no difficulty in removing them. The brown spots from such stains do not appear until the soap has been applied to them and the washing in clear water first will prevent them altogether.

For burns, bee stings, nail or fork wounds there is nothing better than an application of common baking soda made into a paste with water.

Clothespins will last longer, and be better to use on white clothes if they are occasionally boiled for five minutes in suds. Dipping the broom in hot soda occasionally will toughen the straws and give the broom a longer lease of life.

To use the bread crusts that will accumulate, brown them in the oven until crisp and serve with soup; you will find them better than croutons made of the crumb of the bread.

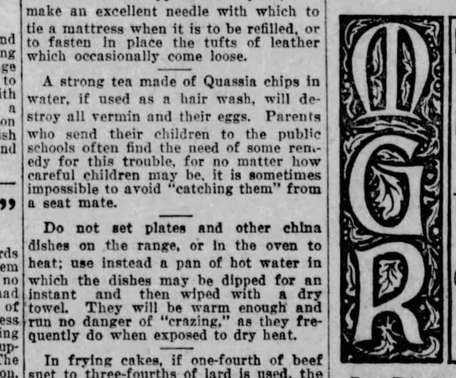
Another way by which these may be used is to dry and roll them very fine and use in making pancake batter—one-third bread crumbs and two-thirds flour.

To remove corns and warts, moisten them three or four times a day with cold, pressed, castor oil. Apply to the corn or wart, with a bit of absorbent cotton wrapped around a toothpick. Should it make the spot feel sore, discontinue it for a day or two and then apply again. The most obstinate case of either wart or corn will succumb to this treatment, it is said.

In making fruit pies, if the inside of the bottom crust is brushed over with the beaten white of an egg before the filling is put in, the fruit juice will never "soak in."

When using plaster of paris in repairing walls, etc., if it is mixed with sour milk or vinegar, it will not harden so rapidly as when water is used, and will be just as strong when it does harden.

In running a rod through the hem of a fine muslin or lace curtain, placing a small thimble over the end of the rod will hasten the process and save the curtain from possible tearing by the ends.



Dear Friends:—I have been "abroad." Not in the sense our foremothers meant when to go to your nextdoor neighbor's was to have been abroad, but really and truly to Europe, to France and to "gay Paree!" And the joke of it all is that I could not, did not and cannot speak a word of French!

On my arrival I was left in the cab while my escort went into the depot to see about the baggage. As soon as he had gone the cabman started his horse; I could say nothing, but I had no intention of being carried off on that account, so I pulled his coattail to attract his attention, then said "English" and shook my head violently. He smiled and nodded, and again prepared to drive off. I repeated my maneuvers, and he looked perplexed and worried. Then he clambered down from his high seat and went about half a square away, where a number of cabs were standing. He looked back at me, then backed himself up beside one of the cabs and came to a deliberate standstill. Then I understood that he was not allowed to leave his cab in front of the building, but must go to this place to wait for his fare. So I nodded and beamed, and he grinned and drove to the stand without any more objections on my part.

When my escort came out and held up one finger cabby at once drove back to the station door, and I am sure he thought, if he did not say: "The little goose! thought I was going to elope with her!"

I went shopping even if I could not speak French, and got on famously for the people are so quick-witted and are used to making allowances for us Yankees. One day I did make a mistake. I wanted a chamois skin, and went into one of the big shops of the Louvre to get it. I had discovered that many words sound nearly alike in English and French, and had more than once made my wants known by playing on this likeness, so I sailed up to a clerk, and said "Sham-oh," hoping that might Frenchify chamois so that he would know what I wanted.

It evidently did not, for he grew red in the face, and the other men standing near began to smile. Nothing daunted I repeated "sham-oh" until he looked as if I had better get right away from there, so I did, and wandered around until I found the drug department, where I at once saw what I wanted and bought it. As soon as I had paid for it, I took the skin in my hand and went back to that angry clerk, held it up to him, and again said "sham-oh." How his face cleared! He took the skin from me and showed it to the clerks who had laughed at him, and then they all laughed at me, but I did not care. I would rather they would laugh than be angry.

When I got home and told the folks about it they just howled. When they could stop laughing long enough, they explained that the French are particularly averse to being called an animal; that "sham-oh" means camel, and the clerk had naturally resented my addressing him by the name of such a very ugly and awkward beast.—L. F. K.

Again our New England Girl speaks with her usual frankness: It is lucky for the M. G. R. that we are not living in the good old colonial days of New England, where, if anyone fell asleep in meetin' he was suddenly recalled from the land of dreams by a vigorous rap on the head by the tithing man with his rod. But, oh dear, the tithing man has gone out of fashion and the M. G. R.'s have gone to sleep with no fear of a rap on the head to awaken them.

Occasionally one of the old and original members will arouse himself enough to say, "What, give up the M. G. R? No, indeed! I could not get along without it." Then he immediately proceeds to fall asleep again and nothing short of an earthquake can arouse him. By and by there will be a lot of Rip Van Winkles who will wake from their long slumbers and won't it be fun to see them rub their sleepy eyes and start in search of the Merry-Go-Rounds and to note their surprise when, approaching the door, they find it closed and locked with a weather-beaten placard on it which reads: "Fell asleep forty years ago, except Miss Prudence and a few of the faithful ones, and they—poor creatures—went insane from their wild efforts to arouse the others from their lethargy."

Then, each in turn, as he goes away from the sorrowful sight, will sigh and say:

Of all sad words of tongue and pen
The saddest are these "It might have been."

"It," referring to the M. G. R.—New England Girl.

Will Entomologist kindly send his address to Miss Prudence?

Banner Puzzlers

FOR FEB.

New Work . . . . . **Dode**
Solutions . . . . . **Pauline**

1.—WHO WAS HE?

He was an American statesman of some distinction, born April 12th, 1777, in Hanover Co., Virginia. He studied law and making his residence at Lexington, Kentucky, soon acquired a good practice, and influence sufficient to elect him to the State Legislature. In 1806, he was elected to Congress, and in 1809, was chosen Senator for a term of two years. In 1811, he was sent to the House of Representatives, where he was immediately elected speaker. He was a strenuous supporter of the war with England, and was sent as one of the commissioners to Ghent to sign the treaty of peace, where his acuteness gained for America some advantages. He was very popular with his countrymen and was two or three times proposed for the presidency, but never attained to that honor. He died in June, 1852. ANNABEL LEE.

2.—ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

Divide 100 into two parts, so that two-thirds of one part shall be equal to three-fourths of the other.

3.—OCTAGON AND CROSS.

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    X O X
  X X O X X
X X X O X X X
O O O O O O O
X X X O X X X
  X X O X X
    X O X
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1.—Away from.
2.—A place where merchandise is kept on sale.
3.—Being afraid of.
4.—A fickle dame.
5.—Deceased.
6.—A misanthrope.
7. Supplied with food. DODE.

4.—ANAGRAM.

He's monarch of all he surveys,
Like Robinson Crusoe of old;
'Tis (Thee, O Loved Rooster) that calls
Every biddy and chick to the fold.
A. R. ALC.

5.—QUERY.

When, what, and by whom, was the first newspaper established in France?
BUCKEYE, Jr.

6.—QUOTATION.

Who wrote:
"My valour is certainly going! It is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palms of my hands!"
HAWKEYE.

The Hazel Slip Well

When the old well at the ranch house went dry, Uncle Hank Soper picked out a likely spot for a new one, prepared his tools and announced to his nephews, Asa and Bert, that digging would begin in the morning. Aunt Becky heard him.

"Goin' to dig a new well?" said she. "Have you had Domingo Vaca find water with his slip o' hazel?"

"Nop," answered Uncle Hank. "I ain't got superstitious like some folks. I ain't got much faith in either Mexicans or a hazel slip when it comes to findin' water. Old Domingo for one looks as though a good wash would scare him into his grave."

"But now, Hank," said Aunt Becky, "don't you be pigheaded. There's Alehandro Medina has a good well. Domingo pointed out that place, and it's the same way with Francisco Garcia. He didn't have to go fifteen feet for water. They do say as hazel has a nateral likin' for water and points to it just as a compass points to the north."

"Now mind you, Becky, it ain't because I believe in your hazel sprig nonsense, but just to please you as you seem so set upon it," and then he added more to himself "can't say but what 'taint better after all to be on the safe side, seein' as it don't cost nothin'."

So Domingo was called upon and readily offered his services. Bert and Asa were in the bed of the arroyo filling their water buckets at a little spring, when he came solemnly down the stream side with half the male population of the little Mexican town at his back. He carried a forked sprig of hazel gingerly before him; a prong between the thumb and forefinger of each hand, and the other fingers spread out like a fan, the way a dainty woman would hold a tea cup. He seemed to bristle with expectation to the very ends of his little gray goatee.

"What can it be?" whispered Asa, "looks like a church procession, don't it?"

"Kinder," admitted Bert, watching closely. "But it ain't," he added quickly. "That's old Domingo with his hazel sprig, and he's lookin' for a place for Uncle Hank's well."

They dropped their pails, a little awestruck, and trailed after Domingo and his followers. He led them a short distance farther down the stream, then hesitated irresolutely and turned waveringly to the left, climbed the steep bank to the garden wall of the ranch house and passed through the little wooden gate.

"It took the gate to a frazzle," whispered Asa, big eyed.

"Yep," said Bert, "it must 'aknowed an eight-foot wall was hard to climb."

In the orchard the hazel sprig twitched this way and that and led them zigzagging toward the house.

"Look! It's smellin' for water like a hound-dog hunts a trail," said Bert.

Right in the rear of the house Domingo stopped with a jerk. The handle of the fork flew into the air like a cow's tail, and the two prongs pointed stiffly downwards. The silent procession breathed a sigh of relief.

"She's found it all right," said Asa triumphantly. "I thought Aunt Becky was right when she was argying with Uncle Hank."

Bert was a little more skeptical. "She may 'a found it, but that ain't us," he observed.

"Well, it's there. Jest you see if it ain't. I'm goin' to find Uncle Hank." And Asa ran off into the house. Back they came together.

"There it is," cried Asa excitedly, pointing to the little pile of stones Domingo had set up. "When she came to there, she plumb stopped and stood right on end."

Uncle Hank spoke to Domingo, who nodded his head and went off pleased, with "two bits."

"It look kinder jubious," he remarked. "That other place at the end of the orchard, I'd figger, would be a heap more likely."

"But," said Asa, "it stood right on end when it got to here, and it wouldn't 'a done that if water wasn't down there."

"Well, fetch them tools and we'll dig some anyway."

So they dug with a will till it was supper time and worked all the next day. There was a fifteen-foot hole in the ground, but no sign of water. The boys were still enthusiastic, and looked for it at every shovelful, though Uncle Hank shook his head and persisted that it was a heap likelier over yonder.

In the house Aunt Becky stood stoutly with them, and they renewed their attack in the morning with spirit. Deeper and deeper they went, still no water. At length there was a forty-foot hole in the yard, and they were lowered down in a bucket. Several Mexicans helped them. Occasionally they blasted, but the work was slow, and even Asa's enthusiasm began to wane. At last they struck a water pocket and Aunt Becky pointed to it as a sure sign that the hazel sprig was right, though the pocket was as dry as powder.

Finally, when they had gone down a full ninety feet, Uncle Hank's wavering determination grew firm.

"There ain't no more water here than there is on the Sehary Desert, and I'm goin' to quit this bloomin' foolishness. I knowed there wasn't any good comin' from such baby tricks." And he went in to dinner shaking his head and muttering.

Aunt Becky came in for a fair share of blame as the cause of the trouble, but she held her peace till the scolding was over, and by tactful maneuvering, secured a promise, though with much grumbling, that there would be one more trial and a last big blast. So Bert and Asa were lowered to the bottom and drilled a deep hole.

"If we can't get water," said Bert grimly, "we'll sure make a big noise and heave the rocks up."

They tamped down a heavy charge and Asa was pulled out. Bert touched off the fuse and they hauled him up in a trice, scurried round the corner of the house and waited open-mouthed for the explosion. But none came. Finally Bert peeped cautiously out and the rest as cautiously followed.

"Guess she's clean out on us," said he, and walking up to the edge of the well he peered down into the darkness. "Yep, can't see a spark, she's plumb out. Say, I'm goin' down to touch her off good."

He crawled into the bucket. They swung him over and gently lowered him down. A few moments' pause, and then came his faint, hollow call, and they started him up with a rush. Asa and Juan Chavez were turning the crank of the windlass and Uncle Hank stood behind them taking in the rope as it was reeled off. The bucket was nearing the top and they heard Bert's voice piping:

"I touched her up good this time. She'll go off sure."

And she surely did, for just then came a great shock. The ground rocked under their feet and a cloud of dirt and stones flew out of the well like smoke and cinders out of a freight engine's funnel. Juan Chavez turned and ran in terror. Asa lost his grip of the crank, and it spun around sharply and knocked him over. For a moment the rope slipped through Uncle Hank's hands, hissed over the ground and round the whirling windlass, while poor Bert with the stout oaken bucket, which had broken the shock, blown from about him, was hanging from the iron handle and sliding down faster and faster toward the pit-black bottom of a ninety-foot well. Uncle Hank made a dive for the flying rope, and, though it burnt his hands like a red-hot iron, held to it, while dropping stones landed all about him.

The rope stopped short, the windlass ceased its mad twirling and flapped back a turn. With a great fear in his heart, Uncle Hank leaned over the well.

"Bert!" he called, "Bert! are you dead?" There came a splutter from down below and a weak, tremulous voice vibrating hollowly in the long shaft.

"Nop! I ain't dead yet, but pull me up quick, I'm drownin'."

Uncle Hank leaped to his feet. "Here, you fool Juan, come back. Hurry up, Asa, the boy's not dead yet. Hurry up. We'll have you out in a jiff now, Bert. Hold on." And they whisked him up, unhurt, to the daylight, seated a-straddle of the iron bucket handle. His clothes torn and bedraggled with mud and dripping water.

"Oh!" gasped Uncle Hank. "Did you get wet down there?"

"Reckon I did," said Bert coolly. "It's up to my waist a'ready, and a-comin' in lickety-split."

They lowered a line some time later. It showed water twelve feet deep. Aunt Becky was triumphant.

"You've got the best well in New Mexico," said she, "for following my advice." And Aunt Becky was right, though Uncle Hank always insisted it was mere luck and not the hazel slip that found it.—T. Henry Walnut in Youth.

THE PANSY.

I love the humble wayside flower,
The rose's blushing beauty;
The stately lily, fair and tall,
Gives thoughts of love and duty;
But when my heart is lone and sad,
Among the thyme and tansy,
I seek my little comforter,
The humble garden Pansy.
I lift to mine each smiling face,
So shy, so sweet and tender,
I fancy they have suffered too,
Such comfort sweet they render.

I mind the days of shade and shine,
The nights, when Tempests reigning,
The patient Pansies bowed their heads
But none were heard complaining;
And when the morn in splendor broke,
With softer breezes blowing,
The gentle flowers, refreshed and fair,
With brighter tints were glowing.
I know they feared the chilling blasts,
The drenching rain and dew;
The Master Artist spared them not
To paint the colors true.

And thus it is in life I ween,
From dawn 'til day is ended,
The weal and woe, the calm and strife
Like Pansy tints are blended;
With days of toil and nights of pain,
With times of joy and sorrow;
With cherished hopes of promised gain
That die in grief tomorrow;
But oh, I know the Master's hand
Each touch in love hath given,
To make the patient heart reflect
The rainbow hues of Heaven.
—Julia R. Galloway.

Answers to Puzzles of April 12th.

1.—Sir Philip Sidney.
2.—Words forming double acrostic: Eros, Abou, swan, toad, Emma, rely. Easter Sunday.
3.—36 and 48 ft. (See Chat.)
4.—Graft.
5.—The Northwest boundary question was to be settled at this time (1844), and the Democrats wanted it fixed at 54 degrees, and 40 minutes. Hence their campaign cry was: "54 degrees and 40 minutes, or fight!"
6.—Chas. F. Adams wrote:
"Who gomes aroundt ven I ben oud,
Trinks up mine beer, und eats mine kraut,
Und giss Katrina in der moud?
Der Drummer!
"Who ven he gomes again dis way
Vill hear vot Pfeiffer has to say,
Und mit a plack eye goes away?
Dot Drummer!"

Chat.

The solution sent by Buckeye, Jr., to his problem answered today, is this: Hypothenuse equals 60 ft. 60 squared equals 3,600. Sides are as 3 and 4, 3 squared plus 4 squared equals 25. 25:3 squared::3,600:(1,296) sq. rt. of 1,296 equals 36 ft. one side or base; 25:4 squared::3,600(2,304) sq. rt. of 2,304 equals 48 other side or perpendicular.

The class was smaller today, but very satisfactory as to lessons. W. P. E., Pauline, Buckeye, Jr., and Mrs. Mary Wilcox making up the number.

Buckeye, Jr., you were quite right in thinking you were "it" in the double acrostic. The Mistress hopes you appreciated the honor done you in connecting your name with Hawkeye.

Pauline writes a screed for the Mistress' eye only, in which she says she does not thing the melon money was divided according to justice, though arithmetically it might be correct.

Why, Pauline, A only paid for one melon, and he ate one and a half, so he had that much more than he was legally entitled to at the worst!

W. P. E. A letter of yours sent in February, was delayed somewhere in the office, and only reached the Mistress today. The puzzles answered in it will be credited.

Earthquake and Conflagration Destroy City of San Francisco

At 5:10 o'clock Wednesday morning, April 18, the city of San Francisco was practically wrecked by an earthquake shock, which lasted three minutes. The wreck extended to the water mains, and the city was without protection against the conflagration which followed. The assumption at first was that the beautiful city was doomed to almost total destruction, and the dispatches that have followed from day to day since the fatal morning have borne out the first predictions. The story is told in the news sent out from the stricken city. Each day's tale has been one of horror. From the record of events as they transpired The Weekly Blade has selected such dispatches that it has believed the most reliable, which will be found in these pages.

San Francisco, April 20.—The people of San Francisco, homeless and starving, are facing the calamity which has overtaken them and practically swept out of existence the great city of which all were so proud. There are no evidences of weakness to be seen among the crowds of stricken people moving back reluctantly upon each advance of the destroying flames which continue to sweep toward the ocean. Appalled for the moment but undaunted, the bravery exhibited by men, women and children in face of overwhelming disaster is that of a race destined to arise stronger than ever out of the ruins which now surround them.

No Hope for Residences.

There is little left today of the gay city by the Golden Gate. There seems little hope now of saving the choicest residence section of the city lying west and north of Van Ness avenue. The men of the fire department, who have throughout the entire conflagration, done splendid work, are still making strenuous efforts to check the all-devouring flames, but without avail.

Water Supply Better.

Water is in better supply, but of little use apparently against the headway now gained by the fire. Owing to the intense heat the buildings for some distance from the fire are as dry as tinder and seem to disappear like a flash the minute the flames reach them.

The care of the homeless hungry refugees now gathered in the city's public squares and parks is now the main problem the local authorities have to solve. They must be fed, and bread, meat and drink in sufficient quantities are lacking. All the leading cities and towns throughout the country are now exerting themselves to lend assistance and provisions are now headed for them from many points.

Exorbitant Prices Charged.

Bread has already sold as high as $1 a loaf and two loaves and a can of sardines brought in one instance $3.50. But this condition of affairs will not be permitted to last long. In towns across the bay the master bakers have met and fixed the price of bread at 5c a loaf with the understanding that they will refuse to sell to retailers who attempt to charge famine prices. The committee of citizens now in charge of the situation in the stricken city will also use every effort to keep the price of food down to the ordinary price.

Establish Relief Stations.

This committee of safety, composed of fifty of the leading citizens of San Francisco, with Mayor Schmitz at its head, will meet today to take all necessary steps for the protection and assistance of the victims of the fire. Three relief stations for the homeless have already been established by the general committee. These stations are the temporary homes of the homeless. The stations are at Golden Gate park, Presidio and San-bruno road.

Police Confiscate Provisions.

By order of the general committee, all remaining stores were entered by the police last night and their goods confiscated. Caravans of provisions are now on their way to the three relief stations. In the meantime the hills and beaches of San Francisco look like an immense tented city. For miles through the park and along the beaches from Ingleside to the sea wall at North beach the homeless are camped in tents, makeshifts rigged up from a few sticks of wood and a blanket or sheet. Some few of the more fortunate secured vehicles on which they loaded regulation tents and are therefore more comfortably housed than the great majority. Golden Gate park and the Pan Handle look like one vast camping ground. It is said that fully one hundred thousand persons, rich and poor alike, sought refuge in Golden Gate park alone and 200,000 more homeless are located at the other places.

Morgue on Public Square.

Portsmouth Square yesterday became for a time a public morgue. Between 20 and 30 corpses were laid side by side upon the trodden grass in the absense of more suitable accommodations. It is said when the flames threatened to reach the square the dead, mostly unknown, were removed to Columbia square, where they were buried when danger threatened that quarter. Out at the Presidio yesterday soldiers pressed into service all men who came near the Presidio, and forced them to labor at burying the dead. So thick were the corpses piled up that they were becoming a menace and early in the day the order was issued to bury them at any cost.

Rich Men Forced to Labor.

The soldiers were needed for other work, so at the point of rifles the citizens were compelled to take to the work of burying. Some objected at first, but the troops stood no trifling, and every man who came in reach was forced to work at least one hour. Rich men unused to physical exertion labored by the side of workingmen digging trenches in which to bury the dead. At the present writing many still remain unburied and the soldiers are still pressing men into service.

Banks to Pay Depositors.

Today and tomorrow have been made legal holidays. This it is believed will give the bankers of San Francisco time to be in a position to meet the demands of the depositors, and danger of a financial crisis will be averted. The state and banks of the United States in general, have telegraphed guaranteeing support to the local financial institutions and arrangements have already been made whereby it can be stated every depositor will be paid in full.

Insurance Companies Busy.

The insurance companies have already taken up the question of losses. It was stated yesterday that the companies have decided, if possible, to pay dollar for dollar on all the losses, whether occasioned by fire or earthquake. This will mean, if the loss totals $206,000,000, as it is believed it will, that $110,000,000 will be paid into the pockets of San Francisco realty owners and with this as a start, new structures will soon be in course of erection on the sites of the old. The Fireman's Fund and the Home and Marine, will, it is said, be the principal sufferers. The losses are divided among eighty insurance companies, and it is stated authoritatively all claims will be satisfactorily adjusted, and that no company will be so weakened that it will be forced to suspend.

The Pacific coast managers of the fire insurance companies which have suffered by the fire, will meet tomorrow morning in Oakland to discuss the situation.

Dock a Temporary Hospital.

The Folsome street dock was turned into a temporary hospital yesterday, the Harbor hospital being unable to accommodate all the injured who were brought there. About one hundred patients were stretched on the dock at one time. In the evening tugs conveyed them to Goat Island, where they were lodged in the hospital. The docks from Howard street to Folsome street have been saved and the fire at this point was not permitted to creep further east than Main street.

Sewer Gas Explosions.

Explosions of sewer gas have wrecked many streets and caused needless alarm among people who mistook the upheavals for further earthquakes. Yesterday afternoon a Vesuvius in miniature was created by such an upheaval at Bryant and Eighth streets. Cobblestones were hurled 20 feet upward and a cloud of sand filled the air.

There is an immediate prospect for a large supply of water. Officers of the Spring Valley Water company stated last night that they expect to be able to furnish the city with 10,000,000 gallons of water today or tomorrow. There is water now west of Vanness avenue, and the engines there are fighting the fire with fresh water. In the Mission district there is water, but there are no engines and the fire is burning unimpeded.

Stampede of Cattle.

Another series of fatalities occurred yesterday caused by the stampede of a herd of cattle at Sixth and Folsome streets. Three hundred of the panic-stricken animals ran amuck when they saw and felt the flames and charged wildly down the street, trampling underfoot all who were in the way. One man was gored through and through by a maddened bull. At least a dozen persons, it is said, were killed.

The death is reported of Dr. J. C. Stinson, a young physician and former member of the city board of health, who was killed in his room at the California hotel Wednesday morning. When the great shock shook that building the side of Stinson's room, in an upper story, caved in, burying him as he lay in bed. With hard work he was subsequently taken out, but death had evidently been instantaneous.

The Call says this morning that a prominent president of one of the San Francisco banks has wired directions to his manager to place $3,000,000 in the hands of the citizens' relief and restoration committee to be used at its discretion in the immediate work of attending to the immediate wants of the stricken people of San Francisco. Subsequent subscriptions have added $191,500 to the fund.

Clearing Up Debris.

The residents of Oakland, Alameda and other cities across the bay are extending hospitality to refugees who are coming in from the city by the thousands. In addition, churches and large halls have been thrown open for their accommodation, a privilege of which many of the homeless and worn out gladly took advantage. The work of clearing up the debris has already begun at the water front in the business section. One hundred men were employed this morning under the direction of the street department.

LOSS IS $500,000,000

Impossible to Estimate Number of Dead.

Kansas City, April 20.—A special from Oakland, written last night by a correspondent who has just returned from San Francisco, after going the rounds of the business district, says:

"How many are dead as a result of this tremendous catastrophe cannot even be approximately told. Estimates have attained currency, and credence that vary from minimums of 300 to incredible maximums of 20,000. Undoubtedly greater than the first figures, yet it seems impossible that the total deaths can possibly reach the larger aggregate.

It is not humanly possible for anyone, whatever his opportunity of observation, however excellent his judgment, to do more now than submit his individual guess. For instance, there was a lodging house, the New Brunswick, at Sixth and Mission streets. It collapsed from the first earthquake shock. One man intimately acquainted with that lodging house and its business, asserts that 600 were in this house when, with the roof, the walls crashed into the cellar. He says all the inmates were killed. On the other hand, another man declares that the lodgers at this house numbered only 200. A visit to the smoking ruins of the site yielded not one illustrative fact.

"All that district, from the manufacturing plants near the bay front and extending thence to the west, on the south side of Market street, was occupied by small retail establishments and lodging houses, a section densely populated and similar to the New York tenement house district. Undoubtedly, many died in this district.

"It will be long before the miles of debris can be cleaned up and the exact number of dead may never be known.

"The destruction of property has been incredible, and here it is likely the loss will exceed all estimates heretofore made. A fire insurance patrol official, who knew accurately the burned district, in talking of the situation last night, put the loss, up to that time at about half a billion dollars. He reasoned thus: The total premiums paid for fire insurance in San Francisco is more than $3,200,000. The average rate, he said, was 1 per cent, as low as sixty and seventy hundredths in many parts of the burned district. At 1 per cent, the value of the property insured throughout the whole city was $320,000,000. Making allowance for the lower rate in the business section for uninsured property and uninsured values, he placed the total loss at a half billion."

HONOLULU GETS SHOCK

Vibrations Cause Destruction of Several Buildings.

Chicago, April 20. — For six minutes yesterday a repetition of the San Francisco disaster which would involve the whole capital of the Hawaiian islands in destruction was feared. Vibrations which were evidently the result of seismic disorders were felt quite plainly.

It caused the buildings along Fort street and the other thoroughfares in the business district to sway to and fro, and in the residence districts some of the less strongly constructed buildings were partly demolished as the result of the vibrations.

"The disturbances caused by the vibrations caused the water in the harbor to rise rapidly and fear was felt that a tidal wave might sweep over the city. However, inside of six minutes the vibrations ceased and no further ones were noted during the day.

"The vibrations had the effect of causing almost a panic among the inhabitants, who had learned of the catastrophe.

Crowds ran into the street when the vibrations were first felt and endeavored to make their way out of the business district. Fear of possible disorders, as a result of the panic resulting from the vibrations, caused the landing of a considerable force of marines from the men-of-war in the harbor.

GIVE $1,500,000 MORE

Senate and House Back Up the President.

Washington, April 23.—The house concurred in the senate amendments to the San Francisco relief appropriation of $1,500,000. As soon as the resolution is signed by the presiding officers of the two houses it will go to the President.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

Strange Scene Where Chinatown Once Stood

AS CHINATOWN LOOKED BEFORE THE DIASTER.

Los Angeles, Cal., April 21.—"Strange is the scene where San Francisco's Chinatown stood," says W. W. Overton, who reached Los Angeles from San Francisco. "No heap of smoking ruins marks the site of the wooden warrens where the Orientals dwelt in thousands. Only a cavern remains, pitted with deep holes and lined with dark passageways, from whose depths come smoke wreaths.

"White men never knew the depth of Chinatown's underground city. Many had gone beneath the street level two and three stories, but now that Chinatown has been unmasked men may see where its inner secrets lay. In places one can see passages 100 feet deep.

"The fire swept this Mongolian quarter clean. It left no shred of the painted wooden fabric. It ate down to the bare ground and this lies stark, for the breezes have taken away the light ashes. Joss houses and misison schools, groceries and opium dens, gambling resorts and theatres, all of them went. The buildings blazed up like tissue paper.

"From this place I saw hundreds of crazed yellow men flee. In their arms they bore opium pipes, money bags, silks and children. Beside them ran the trousered women, and some hobbled painfully.

"These were the men and women of the surface. Far beneath the street levels in those cellars and passageways were other lives. Women who never saw the day from their darkened prisons, and their blinking jailors were caught and eaten by the flames."

$12,000,000 DONATED

Contributions for Frisco Will Reach $50,000,000.

New York, April 23.—It is estimated that the total amount of contributions for the relief of San Francisco sufferers will reach $50,000,000. Following are the donations received to date of $100,000 or more each:

U. S. Government	$2,500,000
Chicago	1,000,000
New York	2,000,000
James D. Phelan	1,000,000
Boston (pledged)	500,000
E. H. Harriman	200,000
Philadelphia	300,000
St. Louis	200,000
Pittsburg	150,000
Portland, Ore.	130,000
State of Massachusetts	100,000
Canadian government	100,000
Standard Oil company	100,000
John D. Rockefeller	100,000
C. J. Burrage, Boston	100,000
Sacramento, Cal.	100,000
Texas legislature	100,000
Cleveland	100,000
Baltimore	100,000
Oakland, Cal.	100,000
Wm. Waldorf Astor	100,000
Andrew Carnegie	100,000
U. S. Steel Cor.	100,000
Lewis & Clark Exposition	100,000
Cincinnati (promised)	100,000

Contributions from all over the United States for the San Francisco sufferers yesterday reached the grand total of $11,869,684. In addition, food, clothing and medicinal and other supplies, hundreds of thousands of tons in weight, were being hurried to San Francisco as fast as trains, with the right of way over everything, and steamers could get them there. The trains told of in scattered dispatches were loaded with 3,480 tons of provisions, equaling 2,323,000 rations, enough to feed 300,000 persons for eight days.

NO REASONABLE LIMIT

Government Ready to Transfer Any Amount to 'Frisco.

Chicago, April 23.—"There is no reasonable limit on the amount of money which the national government is ready to transfer to San Francisco to be available for rebuilding the city."

The foregoing statement was made today by Secretary of the Treasury Shaw, who is in Chicago, on private business. Mr. Shaw continued:

"The ten millions at first thought sufficient was merely a drop in the bucket, it develops, now that the extent of the calamity is becoming known. The offices of the San Francisco subtreasury will be re-established temporarily in the mint, and transfers of money will be made through it. There will be no expense for exchange, money borrowed in the east being paid from the San Francisco subtreasury. Destroyed government buildings, I expect, will be rebuilt as quickly as possible and I anticipate that congress will rush appropriations for the purpose. I shall not visit California now, but may do so later."

OUTSIDERS NOT WANTED

Warning Is Sent Out From San Francisco.

San Francisco, April 23.—The following telegram from J. C. Stubbs, traffic director of the Southern Pacific railway, who is in San Francisco, was sent today to Assistant Traffic Director E. O. McCormick, in Chicago:

"Please ask the press generally to advise all people not to try to reach San Francisco. Autsiders not allowed to land here. They would only add to the congestion of the cities around the bay, and it would be impossible for them to locate any one. All the people are being well taken care of and there will be no trouble if the supplies are kept coming."

PRIESTS BUSY EVERYWHERE

People Gather to Express Thanks for Preservation.

San Francisco, April 23.—On the steps of the shattered churches and on the green slopes of parks and cemeteries, the people of San Francisco yesterday assembled at the usual hours for religious services.

Grateful for opportunity to publicly express thanks for their preservation, and anxious for the words of cheer and comfort, that will carry them through future trials, the people assembled in even larger numbers than is customary.

There was no distinction as to sect or denomination, the gatherings including, as a rule, a large percentage of the families camping or residing in the vicinity. Catholic clergymen celebrated mass in the Jewish cemetery and every creed knelt with bowed heads while the services were in progress.

On the steps of St. Mary's Catholic cathedral and on the upheaved pavement of Golden Gate avenue, overlooking the blackened waste that commenced just across the street, Archbishop Montgomery celebrated mass at 8 o'clock. The service was attended by thousands, covering the church steps and extending well up and down the street in either direction.

The archbishop's words and his reference to the death of Fire Chief Sullivan, affected the entire assembly, tears streaming down hundreds of faces upturned to the tiny altar in the open doorway of the vestibule.

Five masses were celebrated at St. Mary's cathedral. The archbishop in his sermon recommended to the people that they be at all times submissive to the authorities, civil and military.

Close to the graves in Calvary cemetery, on the narrow porch of a tiny house that stands within the graveyard enclosure, three masses were celebrated for the congregation of Holy Cross church.

DAMAGE AT LOS BANOS

Estimate Places the Loss at $150,000.

Los Banos, Cal., April 23.—The earthquake destroyed the principal business portion of this town. The Bank building, which contained a bank, a store and many offices, collapsed in several places. Hotel Los Banos, a three-story brick structure, was partially demolished. The water tank at the Southern Pacific depot was totally destroyed, and the school buildings and churches sustained heavy damage.

A conservative estimate places the total damage here at $150,000.

HOSPITAL DYNAMITED

Patients Removed to Places of Safety.

San Francisco, April 20.—The Southern Pacific hospital at Fourteenth and Mission streets, has been dynamited, the patients having been removed to places of safety.

The Linda Vista and the Pleasanton, two large family hotels on Jones street, in the better part of the city, have been blown up to stay the progress of the conflagration.

The three morning newspapers of San Francisco, the Call, the Chronicle and the Examiner, will combine in an issue from the plant of the Oakland Tribune.

AN APPEAL FOR AID

President Roosevelt Issues a Proclamation.

Washington, April 20. — President Roosevelt, after a conference with Miss Mabel Boardman, of the American National Red Cross, issued, in the form of a proclamation, an appeal to the American people for aid for the people of San Francisco.

He asked that all contributions be made through the officials of the American National Red Cross, who have effected systematic arrangements for the distribution of the needed assistance.

FIRE AGAIN BREAKS OUT

Blaze Resists All Efforts to Extinguish It.

San Francisco, April 23.—The fire, which seemed to have died out yesterday, broke out with renewed vigor in the coal bunkers north of the Ferry building, shortly after midnight.

The fire reached these bunkers Saturday, but was apparently checked after a hard fight, although the blaze stubbornly resisted all efforts of the firemen to extinguish it.

Unless the flames can be subdued, there is grave danger that they will eat their way across to the docks north of the Ferry building, and reach this great structure.

Early this morning the fire was burning fiercely.

San Francisco, April 23.—Thousands of San Francisco's homeless slept in the open—if they slept at all—in a drenching rain last night, adding untold misery and suffering to those whose cup is already full.

Shortly after midnight it began to rain and continued for three hours, from a drizzle at times to a heavy downpour for a few minutes. At 6 o'clock the rain began to fall again, and indications are that it may continue today.

Thousands of people, men, women and children camped in the parks, squares and open lots, were awakened by the rain dashing in their faces, and water dripping through their improvised tents.

Wherever possible women and children were crowded and huddled into the regular canvas waterproof tents, such as are on hand. Little, however, could be done, as the facilities are entirely inadequate to house all the homeless. Large numbers sought the protection of trees and bushes. Some placed a few boards over their heads to ward off the water.

The rain has cooled the ruins and extinguished some of the first which still illuminated the sky from the ruins of the city. The night was of almost Stygian darkness, the silence only broken by the measured tread of patrols and sentries and an occasional shot. Last night for the first time lights were allowed in the houses, but only from dark until 10 o'clock.

Oakland, Cal., April 23.—A report reached here from San Francisco at midnight that a bisk fire is burning in South San Francisco.

The illumination can readily be seen from this side of San Francisco, a distance of eight miles.

It is believed that the fire broke out afresh from smouldering embers that could not be subdued on account of lack of water.

When the fire was pronounced to be practically under control in San Francisco several frame dwellings were standing in South San Francisco, but it is now feared these will be swept away.

Washington, April 23.—A telegram to Secretary Shaw from F. A. Leach, superintendent of the San Francisco mint, says: "The subtreasury will be transferred to the mint today. The press and banking interests highly compliment your active interest and prompt aid. None of the transfer funds has been asked for yet but several will present demands today.

"The burned district covers one and three-quarter miles by three and a half miles. People generally are in comfortable condition. Relief committees patroling streets for the distressed. Have heard from every man employed in mint except four, and have reason to believe they will report soon."

Capt. G. C. Bantz, deputy assistant treasurer of the United States, will leave Washington tonight for San Francisco, where he will assume direction of the transfer of the subtreasury from the present wrecked building to new quarters and assist in getting the institution in condition for business.

Telegrams from internal revenue officers in San Francisco state that all the records, stamps and papers of their office are in good condition and that they will be ready for business tomorrow. A temporary internal revenue office will be opened in Oakland.

200 BODIES CREMATED

Was Deemed Necessary to Prevent Disease—Identification of Many Impossible.

San Francisco, April 23.—Two hundred bodies found in the Potero district, south of Shannon street, in the vicinity of the Union Iron Works, were cremated at the Six-Mile house yesterday by order of Coroner Walsh.

This information was obtained at the board of health headquarters. So many dead were found in this limited area that cremation was deemed absolutely necessary to prevent disease. The names of some of the dead were learned, but in the majority of cases identification was impossible, owing to the mutilation of the features.

A systematic search for bodies of the victims of the earthquake and fire is being made by the coroner and the state board of health inspectors. The city has been divided into sanitary districts, and squads of searchers have been sent out to every quarter. The ruins of the burned buildings in the business and the old residence section have sufficiently cooled to make the search possible.

The body of an infant was found in the center of Union street near Dupont. There was nothing by which it could be identified. It was learned, however, that a number of people had camped at this place, and it is presumed that the child died and was left when the party was forced to move. Three bodies were found in the ruins of the house on Harrison street between First and Second. They had been burned beyond all possibility of identification. They were buried on the north beach.

The body of a man was found in the middle of Silver street between Third and Fourth streets. A bit of burned envelope was found in the pocket of the vest bear the name "A. Houston."

Reports have been made by deputies sent out by the board of health of the finding of twenty-three bodies in various parts of the city. Few of them could be identified. The bodies were buried in various places and the graves numbered.

NEVER KNEW OF FIRE

Chief Sullivan, of 'Frisco, Dies From Injuries.

San Francisco, April 23.—Chief D. J. Sullivan, of the San Francisco fire department, died yesterday from the effects of injuries received on the morning of the earthquake.

Chief Sullivan and his wife were stopping in the fire house adjoining the California hotel, on Busch street.

The earthquake shook down the chimney of the hotel and sent it crashing through the fire house. Chief Sullivan and his wife were carried with the debris two stories to the ground floor, where they were extricated after great difficulty.

Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan were at once taken to the Southern Pacific hospital, but when the flames reached the Mission they were again moved, this time to the general hospital at the Presidio. It was found that Mr. Sullivan was suffering from a fractured skull, four broken ribs and other injuries.

"Eddie" Graney, the sporting referee, was with Chief Sullivan from the time the wounded man was removed from the fire house until Mr. Sullivan's death. Mr. Graney stated that Chief Sullivan never knew there was a fire. After recovering consciousness the chief took great interest in the affairs of the city, being always apprehensive that a fire would break out. He knew from the first that he was dying from his injuries, but never forgot the interests of his department. His mind seemed to dwell on the need of a salt water fire fighting plant, and he repeatedly spoke to his friends of the increasing necessity for such an adjunct to the fire department of the city. Mrs. Sullivan, who suffered serious injuries, has progressed satisfactorily, and it is believed that she will recover.

WEDDINGS JUST THE SAME

Homeless Women Appeal to Men to Whom They Were Engaged.

San Francisco, April 23.—Weddings in great number have resulted from the recent disaster. Women driven out of their homes and left destitute have appealed to the men to whom they were engaged, and immediately marriages have been effected.

Since the first day of the disaster an increase in the number of marriage licenses issued was noticed by County Clerk Cook. This increase is getting greater. Seven marriage licenses were issued yesterday in an hour. Cook himself has been on duty much of the time, as has his deputy. Paul Wuthe, although no other business has been transacted.

"I don't live anywhere" is the answer given in many cases when the applicant for a license is asked where his residence is. "I used to live in San Francisco."

GROOM HAD ONLY $1.30

Marriage, Nevertheless, Took Place at Relief Bureau.

San Francisco, April 23.—A wedding took place at the relief bureau at midnight last night. Despite the fact that the groom had only $1.30, the newly married couple looked cheerfully on the prospect that confronted them and departed happy and hopeful.

Did You EVER Sell A 7 Months OLD Pig FOR $850.?

AND ONE LITTER FOR $1,657.50?

W. G. CAMFIELD & SON, BREEDERS OF PURE BRED POLAND CHINA HOGS.

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD CO., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. COWDEN, ILLINOIS, JAN. 16, 1906.

GENTLEMEN:—I want to tell you about a fine litter of pigs that I raised last year. As I had a good litter of pigs out of E. L. Delightful I wanted them to do extra well, so I bought one hundred pounds of **"International Stock Food"** and fed it to them every day up to sale time when they were seven months old. From this litter came Masticator, the highest priced pig that was ever sold at auction at that age. The Goodrich Stock Farm at Eldon, Mo., paid $850.00 cash for this seven months old pig, which broke all sale records for this age. The entire litter brought $1657.50. I will certainly continue to feed **"International Stock Food"** because it is reliable and makes us money. I will soon want another supply.

Yours truly, W. G. CAMFIELD & SON, Poland China Breeders.

YOUR SOWS WILL RAISE MORE PIGS.

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD CO., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. LIBERTY, MISSOURI.

GENTLEMEN:—I have seven Brood Sows that pigged last week, all in four days, sixty-four fine big pigs. Have fed these sows **"International Stock Food"** every day. Also fed it to sixty head of steers which are doing well. One of my neighbor's hogs had the cholera the first of the year. There was only a wire fence between his hogs and mine. I fed my hogs **"International Stock Food"** every day. He lost all his hogs except three out of fifty. I am about ready to purchase another hundred pounds of **"International Stock Food"** as I feed it every day.

Yours truly, W. B. ELLIOTT.

"International Stock Food" is prepared from pure, medicinal Roots, Herbs, Seeds and Barks and is fed in small amounts as an addition to the regular grain feed. It Purifies the Blood, Cures and Prevents Disease, Tones up and Permanently Strengthens the Entire System and greatly Aids Digestion and Assimilation so that each animal obtains more nutrition from all grain eaten. Absolutely harmless for any use or even if taken into the human system. Indorsed by over One Hundred Farm Papers and over Two Million Farmers and Stockmen. Sold by over One Hundred and Twenty-five Thousand Dealers on a "Spot Cash Guarantee" to give you paying results or your money promptly refunded. Dan Patch has eaten "International Stock Food" every day for over three years and you know what he has done. WE HAVE THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS SIMILAR TO THE ONES GIVEN ABOVE.

DAN PATCH 1:55¼ IN 6 BRILLIANT COLORS

WITH POSTAGE PREPAID **MAILED FREE**

We Have A Beautiful, Six Color Lithograph of Our World Champion Stallion Dan Patch 1:55¼. It Was Made From Photograph And Shows Dan Hitched To Sulky And Pacing His Fastest Clip. It Also Gives All Of His World Records. This Is A Splendid Horse Picture For Framing. It Is The Most Life Like Picture Ever Taken And Shows Dan Flying Through The Air With Every Foot Off Of The Ground. We Will Mail You One Copy Free, Postage Prepaid, If You Write Us And State How Much Live Stock You Own And Name This Paper. Address INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD CO., Minneapolis, Minnesota, U. S. A.

Castro, His Successor and Some Departing Venezuelan Officials

Former President Castro and President Gomez

Gumersindo Rivas

Cecilio de Castro

P. Tello Mendoza

Willemstad, Curacao, April 21.—A great sensation has been caused in Caracas, Venezuela, by the announcement of the engagement of passage for Europe by all of the late President Castro's favorites, known as "the get rich quick crowd." In fact there is a precipitate flight of all the friends of the former administration.

It is rumored that former President Castro may accompany his friends to Europe.

This exodus began Monday with the departure of Dr. J. Torres Cardenas, general secretary of the government, and of Senor Corao, business agent, who left on the steamship Caracas for New York.

Senor Gumersindo Rivas, editor of the Constitucional, will follow on Thursday; Senor J. A. Velutini, second vice president; Senor Cecilio de Castro, minister of finance; Senor R. Tello Mendoza, governor of the federal district of Caracas, and others will also leave soon for Europe.

All allege that they are going away for rest and recreation, but the fact is they fear President Gomez will ask for large public loans and that those who have been recently made rich by monopolies, and who have impoverished hundreds and caused an industrial and financial depression, will be asked to contribute, with the alternative of going to prison.

Former President Castro is in retirement at Los Teques. Illness is alleged to be the cause. General Gomez is acting President. The new ministerial appointments have been strangely delayed. At Caracas the political atmosphere has completely changed.

Opinions expressed here are conflicting. Venezuelans, as a rule, are reticent when questioned on the subject. They generally say that General Castro is ill and hesitate to give their opinion of his retirement from the Presidency.

Passengers arriving here Monday from Venezuela say that the action of General Castro in retiring from the presidency in favor of General Gomez is not clearly understood in Venezuela. But the general opinion seems to be that his retirement is only temporary. General Castro has gone one way, as a private citizen, unattended and paying the regular fare on the railroad, his wife has gone another way and the former President's sister arrived here.

The resignation of the Venezuelan cabinet is also causing speculation. The ministers retired when General Castro gave up the reins of power, but President Gomez has not appointed a new cabinet and therefore the old ministers have retained their portfolios.

SOME OF THE WORLD'S BIG EARTHQUAKES.

Year. Place.	Loss of Life.
1905—Shemakha, Caucasia	300
Tamazula, Mexico	100
Scutari, Albania	100
Calabria, Italy	270
India	15,000
1903—Ferghana, Turkestan	10,000
1902—St. Pierre, Martinique	30,000
1899—Tiflis, Transcaucasia	1,000
1894—Japan	10,000
1893—Persia	12,000
1883—Ischia	2,000
1880—Manila	3,000
1868—Arica	6,000
1861—Mendoza, South America	12,000
1822—Aleppo	22,000
1797—Quito	41,000
1773—Guatemala	33,000
1755—Lisbon	35,000
1754—Cairo	40,000
1746—Lima	18,000
1731—Pekin	95,000
1726—Palermo	6,000
1716—Algiers	18,000
1703—Yeddo	190,000

CONDITIONS IMPROVED

'Frisco Relief Committee Now Working Systematically.

Washington, April 24.—The official report from General Greely of the extent of the loss of life in San Francisco is as follows:

Fort Mason, San Francisco, April 23. "The Military Secretary, Washington, D. C.:

"Very careful investigation made by Captain Winn today limits, as far as information is obtainable, the entire San Francisco death list from late disaster to 277 victims; of these about 50 unknown gathered from various parts of the city have been temporarily buried in Lombard and Bay streets, Washington square and Portsmouth square.

In the Valencia hotel, 14 bodies were recovered and 56 others are believed to have perished in the ruins."

The remaining 150 casualties are as follows:

San Francisco, April 24.—Following the rain which fell Sunday night and yesterday morning, which greatly intensified the misery and suffering of the homeless people of this stricken city, last night was one of comparative comfort and of greatly improved conditions.

The night was clear, warm and balmy, and there was less suffering among the thousands of refugees camping under the blue canopy than at any time since the day of the terrible disaster.

The condition of the people is constantly improving. Relief is becoming more organized with every day, and the distribution of provisions and the providing of shelter is becoming more systematic and methodical. Yesterday afternoon wagon loads of quilts and blankets were distributed among those who have suffered intensely from the cold and exposure while sleeping in the open. Other wagons, loaded with tents, wended their way through the crowded parks and replaced many improvised shelters which had afforded little or no protection against the rain and chill winds. As a result there were but few complaints of suffering today.

Rain Improved Conditions.

While the heavy rain for the time being added much to the misery of the homeless, it did much towards improving sanitary conditions throughout the city.

People Frightened Again.

At 11:40 last night an earthquake shock was felt throughout the city and momentarily created some alarm among the people, still unnerved and overwrought from their recent experience. No damage was caused. In a few instances people ran out badly frightened and called upon the sentries and guards to help carry out clothing and other effects. The soldiers assured them that there was no danger. Shortly after the disturbance an unconscious man was found on the sidewalk in front of a house at Golden Gate avenue and Buchanan street. He had evidently fallen or jumped from a window in his efforts to get out of the house when it was shaken. He was taken to St. Paul's Emergency hosiptal in the Lutheran church at Gough and Eddy streets, where it is said his injuries are not serious.

At Ofarrel and Leavenworth streets, an unknown man, apparently demented, was found in the street in a dying condition by the police. He died before he could be removed to a hospital.

Guards Disarmed.

Following the unfortunate killing of Major H. C. Tilden, of the general relief committee, on Sunday night by some self-constituted vigilantes, it is said the city patrols and all guards will be disarmed and the troops, both regular and militia, will be instructed not to shoot except in cases of extreme necessity. If the reckless action of some of the guards in the triple system of policing the city by three separate organization under important commanders, which has caused conflict of authority and much confusion has given rise to much complaint, the regulars, soldiers and marines, have earned for themselves high commendation for their efficient work and the exercise of good judgment and discretion in dealing with the people under the present trying circumstances.

General Conditions Improving.

The general conditions in the city are improving rapidly. The weather today was never better and the indications for its continuation are good. Hundreds of men have been placed at work clearing the streets and the dynamiting of the tottering walls which were left standing by the fire and endanger life, will be continued today. The Spring Valley Water company has about 1,000 men at work repairing and replacing broken water mains and many portions of the residence section are now abundantly supplied with water. No trace of Count De La Rocca, the French consul in this city, has yet been found. It is feared that he has lost his life in the fire. Several car lines are ready for operation as soon as it is deemed safe to turn on power.

"BUILD FAST!" THE CRY

New and Greater San Francisco Has Been Started.

San Francisco, April 24.—Arrangements for the reconstruction of the new and greater San Francisco are rapidly crystallizing, and soon the sounds of building will be heard in every block of the devastated districts.

A commission last Sunday investigated all the buildings left standing upon the main thoroughfare of the devastated city. It was ascertained that that nearly all the steel frame structures had withstood the earthquake, and although, almost without exception, they had been gutted, the loss was in most cases confined to the contents.

As showing the disposition prevailing among property owners of the city, the action of Humboldt bank, which will at once erect a new building seventeen stories in height, may be cited.

Two months ago plans were approved and contracts let for the building and the steel for construction is already on the way west from eastern agents of the contractors. Yesterday orders were given to go ahead with the work of building.

"Build fast" was the order, and this means the expenditure of every possible energy that money can purchase for the construction of the building. The site is on the south side of Market street, 100 feet east of Fourth. The site cost $400,000, and is held by its owner to have every cent of its original value today. The building will cost $500,000. The construction will be steel and terra cotta, a construction that has stood the test by fire and earthquake. The whole habitable part of San Francisco has been organized and districted for sanitary inspection purposes in the most thorough manner. There is no longer danger of epidemic, because the health department, working with the military, is prepared to handle everything of the sort before it becomes threatening.

Vessels Are Now Moving.

The embargo on merchant vessels has been removed and shipping can now be moved as usual. For the past few days vessels of the Pacific squadron have been keeping vessels from leaving the port, but this restriction has been removed by orders from Admiral Goodrich, commander-in-chief of the Pacific squadron, to the shipping commissioner of the port.

The big fortifications at the entrance to the Golden Gate did not escape from serious injury during the great shake-up. The full extent of the injury sustained by the great works is as yet unknown, for nothing but a survey by the engineering corps can disclose the full extent of the damage.

At Lime Point the emplacements of the big guns have been cracked and twisted. The heavy concrete both on the floor and in the walls of the emplacements bear unmistakable evidence of having been given a bad shaking. Conditions are said to be equally bad at the fortification buildings of the Old Fort Point. As it is now the great 13-inch guns on both sides of the gate, constituting the main defense, are practically useless. They weigh many tons each, but their adjustment upon their carriage is as delicate as that of a watch. The earthquake destroyed this, and though the damage can be repaired, it will take considerable time and labor before the big guns are in a condition to do the execution they were intended. The Lime Point batteries stand out on an immense bluff towering hundreds of feet above the bay. The shock has was exceedingly heavy and is believed to have injured the fortifications at this point more than elsewhere.

A safe expert, after examining safes and vaults in many buildings in the burnt district, says that the vaults of the banks are all right, but that it will be several days before they can be opened on account of the heat. The safes that are covered by debris will not be opened until perfectly cold.

ARE THROWN FROM BEDS

Pianos Overturned In Wreck of St. Francis Hotel.

St. Louis, April 21.—A special from Adolphus Busch, of St. Louis, dated Sparks, Nevada, says:

"I left San Francisco this morning with my family, Henry Nicolaus and Carl Conreid. The earthquake which shook San Francisco made all frantic, and was undoubtedly the worst ever experienced in the United States. The beautiful hotel St. Francis swayed from south to north like a tall poplar in a storm. Furniture, even pianos, were overturned, and people were thrown from their beds.

"I quickly summoned my family and friends, and urged them to escape to Jefferson Square, which we promptly did.

"An awful sight met our eyes. Every building was either partly or wholly wrecked. roofs and cornices were falling from skyscrapers on lower houses, crushing and burying the inmates.

"Fires started in all parts of the city, the main water pipes burst and flooded the streets. One earthquake followed the other. The people became terrified, but all behaved wonderfully calm. Over 100,000 persons are without shelter, camping on the hills.

"There is no light, water or food. Fortunately, martial law was declared at once and the regulars and militia maintained order and discipline, otherwise more horrors would have occurred, and riots might have prevailed. Then the worst happened.

"The fire spread over three-fourths of the city and could not be controlled—no water to fight it, no light. And the earth still trembling.

"Building after building was dismantled to check the progress of warring, seething flames, but all of no avail."

19 KILLED IN SAN JOSE

Damage to Property Is Estimated at $5,000,000.

San Jose, Cal., April 21. — Nineteen persons were killed in San Jose by the earthquake of Wednesday, and the entire business quarter was wrecked. The damage is $5,000,000.

One hundred and ten persons were killed and seventy were injured, mostly patients at Agnew's insane asylum, near San Jose. The asylum was ruined. A company of militia is in charge of the city.

The damage to the Pacific Milling company at Santa Clara, a suburb of San Jose, is $150,000. The total loss in Santa Clara is $500,000. No loss of life.

At Gilroy, $500,000 damage; none dead.

At Hollister, one man killed; $100,000 damage. The Southern Pacific tunnel at Wrights, nearly a mile long, caved in.

WOMEN WERE HYSTERICAL

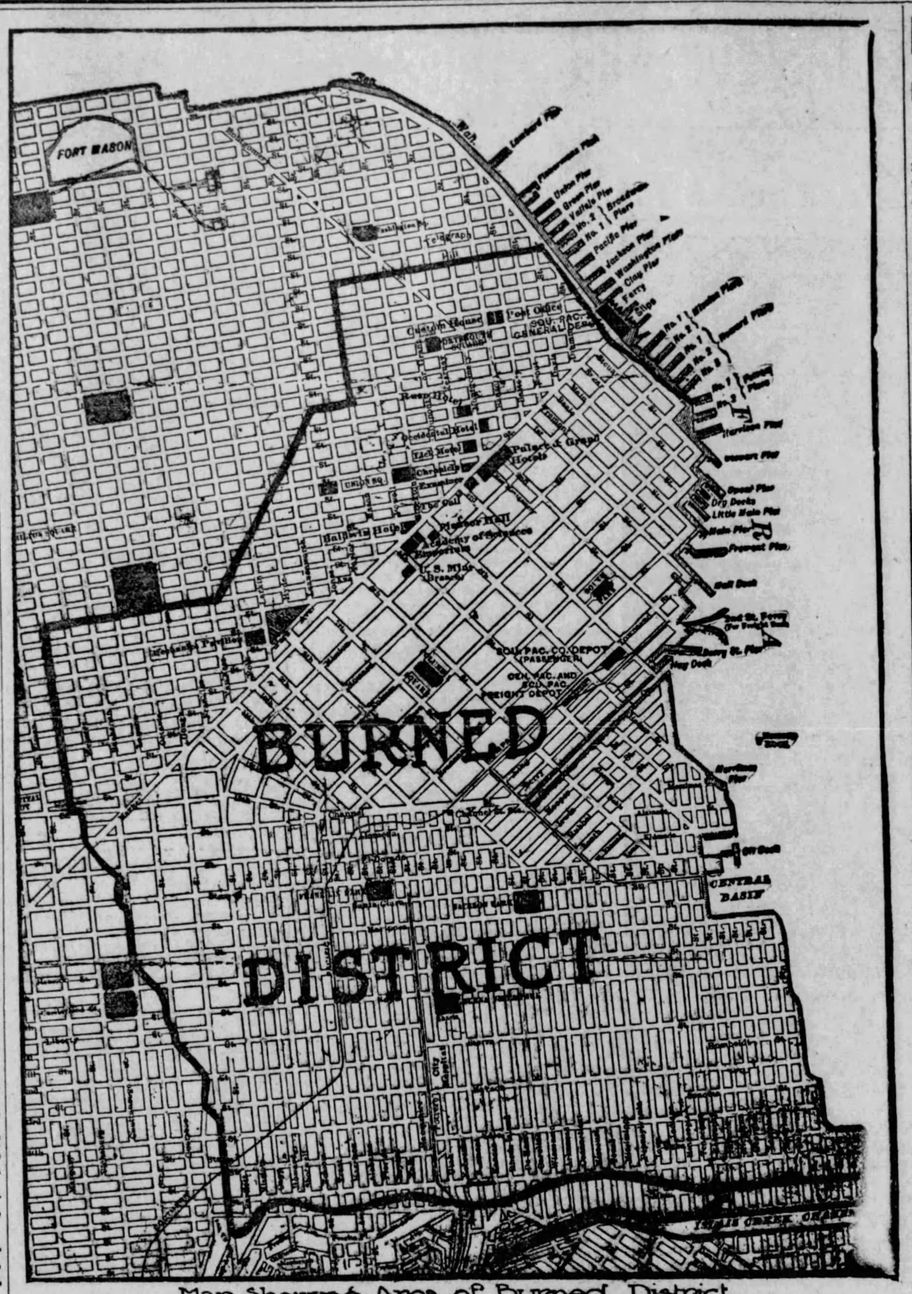
Eye Witness Tells of Experience in Golden West Hotel.

Los Angeles, April 20.—J. R. Ritter, of Houston, Texas, who was in 'Frisco at the time of the shock, said: "I was in the Golden West hotel when the first shock came. When I awoke the hotel was rocking like a cradle. While I was dressing the rear wall of the hotel fell into the dining room. I was dressed by the time the second shock came, and was going to rush out of the building, but the appeals of the women on the same floor stopped me. With some of the northern guests on the fourth floor we got the women out. Most of the women were hysterical.

"Many naked and half dressed persons were in the streets, running about crying, screeching, wild with fear, while buildings toppled over and choked up the streets."

R. A. Cole, a horseman, was at the Palace Hotel when the quake came.

"I never saw anything like it," said Cole. "I was in the St. Louis cyclone and the Baltimore fire. They were nothing. I saw all San Francisco staggering and rocking and then in flames."

Mrs. Agnes Zink said:

"I was staying at 35 Fifth street, San Francisco. The rear of the house collapsed and the landlady and about thirty roomers were killed. I escaped by the roof as the stairway had collapsed in the rear. Out in the street it was impossible to find a clear pathway. I saw another lodging house near ours collapse; I think it was at 39 Fifth street, and all the inmates were killed. In a few minutes the entire block was in flames."